

THE
POETICAL CALENDAR.

V O L V.

F O R M A Y.



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THE
POETICAL CALENDAR.

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By FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.
And WILLIAM WOTY.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

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[1]

T H E

POETICAL CALENDAR.

AN HYMN TO MAY.

BY WILLIAM THOMPSON, M. A. LATE FELLOW
OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXON.

Nunc formosissimus annus. VIRG.

A R G U M E N T.

Subject proposed. Invocation of May. Description of her: Her operations on nature. Bounty recommended; in particular at this season. Vernal apostrophe. Love the ruling passion in May. The celebration of Venus her birth-day in this month. Rural retirement in Spring. Conclusion.

ETherial daughter of the lusty Spring,
And sweet Fayonius, ever-gentle May!
Shall I, unblam'd, presume of thee to sing,
And with thy living colours gild my lay?

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B

Thy

Thy genial spirit mantles in my brain ;
 My numbers languish in a softer vein :
 I pant, too emulous, to flow in Spenser's strain.

Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,
 With storms when winter blackens Nature's face ;
 When whirling winds the howling forest tear,
 And shake the solid mountains to their base :
 Say, what refulgent chambers of the sky
 Veil thy beloved glories from the eye, [die ?
 For which the nations pine, and earth's fair children

Where (a) Leda's twins, forth from their diamond-
 Alternate, o'er the night their beams divide, [tower,
 In light embosom'd, happy and secure
 From winter-rage, thou chusest to abide ;
 Blest residence ! for there, as poets tell,
 (b) The powers of Poetry and Wisdom dwell ;
 Apollo wakes the Arts, the Muses strike the shell.

(c) Certes o'er (d) Rhedicyna's laurel'd mead,
 (For ever spread, ye laurels, green and new !)
 The brother-stars their gracious nurture shed,
 And secret blessings of poetic-dew :

(a) Leda's twins] Castor and Pollux. (b) The Gemini are supposed to preside over learned men. See Pontanus in his beautiful poem called *Urania*. lib. ii. de *Geminis*.
 (c) Certes] Surely, certainly. (d) Rhedicyna] Oxford.

They bathe their horses in the learned flood,
 With flame recruited for th' etherial road ;
 And deem (e) fair Isis' swans fair as their father-god.

No sooner April, trim'd with girlands gay,
 Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly showers ;
 But, in the eastern-pride of beauty, May,
 To gladden earth, forsakes her heavenly bowers,
 Restoring Nature from her palsied state
 April, retire ; (f) ne longer, Nature, wait :
 Soon may she issue from the morning's golden gate.

Come, bounteous May ! in fulness of thy might,
 Lead briskly on the mirth-infusing hours,
 All-recent from the bosom of delight,
 With nectar nurtur'd, and involv'd in flowers :
 By Spring's sweet blush, by Nature's teeming womb ;
 By Hebe's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom ;
 By Venus-self (for Venus-self demands thee) come !

By the warm sighs, in dewy even-tide,
 Of melting maidens, in the wood-bine-groves,
 To pity loosen'd, soften'd down from pride ;
 By billing turtles, and by cooing doves ;

(e) Fair as their father god] Jupiter deceived Leda in the
 shape of a swan as she was bathing herself in the river Eurotas.
 (f) Ne] Nor.

By the youths' plainings stealing on the air,
 (For youths will plain, tho' yielding be the fair)
 Hither, to bless the maidens and the youths, repair.

With dew bespangled, by the hawthorn-buds,
 With freshness breathing, by the daïsied plains;
 By the mix'd music of the warbling woods,
 And jovial roundelays of nymphs and swains;
 In thy full energy, and rich array,
 Delight of earth and heaven! O blessed May!
 From heaven descend to earth: on earth vouchsafe
 to stay.

She comes! — A filken (g) camus, emral'd-green,
 Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows,
 (Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen)
 And with the labours of the needle glows,
 (h) Purfied by Nature's hand! the amorous air
 And musky-western breezes fast repair,
 Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her hair:

Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems)
 With the gay honours of the Spring entwin'd,
 Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,
 Floats glittering on the sun, and scents the wind

(g) Camus] A light gown,
 with a needle,

(h) Purfied] Flourished

Love-sick

Love-sick with odours! — now to order roll'd,
 It melts upon her bosom's dainty mould,
 Or, curling round her waist, disparts its wavy gold.

Young-circling roses, blushing, round them throw
 The sweet abundance of their purple rays,
 And lillies, dip'd in fragrance, freshly blow,
 With blended beauties, in her angel-face:
 The humid radiance beaming from her eyes
 The air and seas illumines, the earth and skies,
 And open, where she smiles, the sweets of Paradise.

On Zephyr's wing the laughing Goddess view
 Distilling balm: she cleaves the buxom air,
 Attended by the silver-footed dew,
 The ravages of winter to repair:
 She gives her naked bosom to the gales,
 Her naked bosom down the ether sails; [exhales.
 Her bosom breathes delight; her breath the spring

All as the Phoenix, in Arabian skies,
 New-burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,
 At large, (i) in roseal undulation, flies;
 His plumage dazzles, and the gazer tires:

Around

(i) In roseal undulation] Pliny tells us, lib. xi. That the
 Phoenix is about the bigness of an eagle: the feathers round

Around their King the plummy nations wait,
 Attend his triumph, and augment his state :
 He towering claps his wings, and wins th' ethereal
 height.

So round this Phoenix of the gaudy year
 A thousand, nay ten thousand Sports and Smiles,
 Fluttering in gold along the hemisphere,
 Her praises chant ; her praises glad the isles :
 Conscious of her approach (to deck her bowers)
 Earth from her fruitful lap and bosom pours
 A waste of springing sweets, and voluntary flowers.

Narcissus fair, in snowy velvet gown'd ;
 Ah foolish ! still to love the fountain-brim :
 Sweet Hyacinth, by Phœbus erst bemoan'd ;
 And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim :
 Whate'er, Armida, in thy gardens blew ;
 Whate'er the sun inhales, or sips the dew ;
 Whate'er compose the chaplet on Ianthé's brow.

the neck shining like gold, the body of a purple colour, the
 tail blue with feathers resembling roses. See Claudian's fine
 poem on that subject, and an elegant translation of it by Mr.
 Tickell in the first vol. of the Poetical Calendar, p. 42. See
 also Marcellus Donatus, who has a short dissertation on the
 Phoenix in his observations on Tacitus, Annal. lib. vi.

He

He who (k) undaz'd can wander o'er her face,
 May gain upon the solar-blaze at noon!—
 What more than female sweetness, and a grace
 Peculiar! save, Ianthe, thine alone,
 Ineffable effusion of the day!
 So very much the same, that lovers say,
 May is Ianthe; or the dear Ianthe May.

So far as doth the harbinger of day
 The lesser lamps of night in (l) sheen excell;
 So far in sweetness and in beauty May
 Above all other months doth bear the bell:
 So far as May doth other months exceed,
 So far in virtue and in (m) goodlihead,
 Above all other nymphs Ianthe bears the (n) meed.

Welcome! as to a youthful poet wine,
 To fire his fancy, and enlarge his soul:
 He weaves the laurel-chaplet with the vine,
 And grows immortal as he drains the bowl:
 Welcome! as beauty to the lovesick swain,
 For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain;
 He darts into her arms; she smiles away his pain.

(k) Undaz'd] Undazzled. (l) Sheen] Brightness,
 shining. (m) Goodlihead] Beauty. (n) Meed] Prize.

The drowzy elements, arouz'd by thee,
 Roll to harmonious measures, active all !
 Earth, water, air, and fire, with feeling glee,
 Exult to celebrate thy festival :
 Fire burns intenser ; softer breathes the air ;
 More smooth the waters flow ; earth smiles more fair :
 Earth, water, air and fire, thy gladdening impulse
 share.

What boundless tides of splendor o'er the skies,
 O'erflowing brightness, stream their golden rays !
 Heaven's azure kindles with the varying dyes,
 Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze :
 Air whitens ; wide the tracts of ether (o) been
 With colours damask'd rich, and goodly sheen,
 And all above is blue, and all below is green.

At thy approach the wild waves' loud uproar,
 And foamy surges of the maddening main,
 Forget to heave their mountains to the shore,
 Diffus'd into the level of the plain :
 For thee the Halcyon builds her summer's nest ;
 For thee the Ocean smooths her troubled breast,
 Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple drest.

(o) Been] Are.

Have

Have ye not seen, in gentle even-tide,
 When Jupiter the earth hath richly shower'd,
 Striding the clouds, a bow (p) dispredden wide,
 As if with light inwove, and gayly flower'd
 With bright variety of blending dyes?
 White, purple, yellow melt along the skies,
 Alternate colours sink, alternate colours rise.

The earth's embroidery then have ye eyed,
 And smile of blossoms, yellow, purple, white;
 Their vernal-tinctur'd leaves, luxurious, died
 In Flora's livery, painted by the Light:
 Light's painted children in the breezes play,
 Unfold their dewy bosoms to the ray,
 Their soft enamel spread, and beautify the day.

From the wide altar of the foodful earth
 The flowers, the herbs, the plants their incense roll;
 The orchards swell the ruby-tinctur'd birth;
 The vermil-gardens breathe the spicy soul:
 Grateful to May the nectar-spirit flies,
 The wasted clouds of lavish'd odours rise,
 The Zephyr's balmy load, perfuming all the skies.

(p) Dispredden] Spread.

The

The bee, the golden daughter of the Spring,
 From mead to mead, in wanton labour, roves,
 And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing
 With all the essence of the flushing groves :
 Extracts the aromatic soul of flowers,
 And, humming in delight, its waxen bowers
 Fills with the luscious spoil, and lives ambrosial hours.

Touch'd by thee, May, the flocks and lusty droves,
 That low in pastures, or on mountains bleat,
 Revive their frolics and renew their loves,
 Stung to the marrow with thy generous heat :
 The stately courser, bounding o'er the plain,
 Shakes to the winds the honours of his mane,
 (High arch'd his neck) and snuffing, hopes the
 dappled train.

Th' aerial songsters sooth the listening groves :
 The mellow thrush, the (q) ouzle sweetly shrill,
 And little linnets celebrate their loves
 In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill :
 The soaring lark ; the lowly nightingale,
 A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,
 And melancholy music dies along the dale.

(q) Ouzle] Blackbird.

This

This gay exuberance of the gorgeous spring,
 The gilded mountain, and the herbag'd vale;
 The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,
 The murmuring fountain, and the breathing dale:
 The dale, the fountains, birds and woods delight,
 The vales, the mountains, and the spring invite,
 Yet, unadorn'd by May, no longer charm the sight.

When Nature laughs around, shall man alone,
 Thy image, hang (ah me!) the sickly head?
 When Nature sings, shall Nature's glory groan,
 And languish for the pittance poor of bread?
 O may the man that shall his image scorn,
 Alive, be ground with hunger, most forlorn,
 Die (r) unanell'd, and dead, by dogs and kites be
 torn.

Curs'd may he be (as if he were not so)
 Nay doubly curs'd be such a breast of steel,
 Which never melted at another's woe,
 Nor tenderness of bowels knew to feel:
 His heart is black as hell, in flowing store
 Who hears the needy crying at his door, [be poor.
 Who hears them cry, (s) ne recks; but suffers them

(r) Unanell'd] Without a funeral knell. (s) Ne recks]
 Nor is concern'd.

But

But blest, O more than doubly blest be he!
 Let honour crown him and eternal rest,
 Whose bosom, the sweet fount of charity,
 Flows out to (t) nourish Innocence distressed:
 His ear is open to the widow's cries,
 His hand the orphan's cheek of sorrow dries;
 Like mercy's self he looks on want with pity's eyes.

In this blest season, pregnant with delight,
 Ne may the boading owl with screeches wound
 The solemn silence of the quiet night,
 Ne croaking raven, with unhallow'd sound,
 Ne damned ghost (u) affray with deadly yell
 The waking lover, rais'd by mighty spell,
 To pale the stars, till Hesper shine it back to hell.

Ne Witches rifle gibbets, by the moon,
 (With horror winking, trembling all with fear)
 Of many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone:
 Nor Imp in visionary shape, appear,
 To blast the thriving verdure of the plain;
 Ne let Hobgoblin, ne the Ponk profane [brain.
 With shadowy glare the light, and mad the bursting

(t) Nourish] To nurse.

(u) Affray] Affright.

Yet

Yet fairy-elves (x) (so antient custom's will)
 The green-gown'd fairy-elves, by starry sheen,
 May gambol or in valley or on hill,
 And leave your footsteps on the circled green :
 Full lightly trip it, dapper Mab, around ;
 Full featly, Ob'ron, thou, o'er grass-turf bound :
 Mab brushes off no dew-drops, Ob'ron prints no
 ground.

Ne bloody rumours violate the ear
 Of cities sack'd, and kingdoms desolate,
 With plague or sword, with pestilence or war ;
 Ne rueful murder stain thy æra-date ;
 Ne shameless calumny, for fell despight,
 The foulest fiend that e'er blasphem'd the light,
 At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.

Ne wailing in our streets nor fields be heard,
 Ne voice of misery assault the heart ;
 Ne fatherless from table be debarr'd ;
 Ne piteous tear from eye of sorrow start :
 But Plenty, pour thyself into the bowl
 Of bounty-head ; may never want controul [soul.
 That good, good honest man, who feeds the famish'd

Now

(x) So antient custom's will] The Lemuria, or rites sacred to
 the Lemures, were celebrated by the Romans in May. They
 imagined

Now let the trumpet's martial thunders sleep;
 The viol wake alone, and tender flute:
 The Phrygian lyre with sprightly fingers sweep,
 And, Erato, dissolve the Lydian lute:
 Yet Clio frets and burns, with honest pain,
 To rouse and animate the martial strain, [plain.
 Since William charg'd the foe on fam'd Culloden's

The trumpet sleeps, but soon for thee shall wake,
 Illustrious Chief! to sound thy mighty name,
 (Snatch'd from the malice of Lethean lake)
 Triumphant-swelling from the mouth of Fame:
 Mean-while, disdain not (so the virgins pray):
 This rosy crown, with myrtle wove and bay,
 (Too humble crown I ween) the offering of May.

And while the virgins hail thee with their voice,
 Heaping thy crouded way with greens and flowers,
 And in the fondness of their heart rejoice
 To sooth, with dance and song, thy gentler hours:
 Indulge the season, and with sweet repair
 Embay thy limbs, the vernal blessing share:
 Then blaze in arms again, renew'd for future war.

imagined the Lemures (in English, Fairies) to be like ghosts
 of deceased persons: But our traditional accounts are very
 different in respect to the nature of Fairies,

Britannia's happy isle derives from May
 The choicest blessings Liberty bestows,
 When royal Charles (for ever hail the day!)
 In mercy triumph'd o'er ignoble foes:
 Restor'd with him, the Arts their drooping head
 Gaily again uprear'd; the Muses shade [ray'd.
 With fresher honours bloom'd, in greener trim ar-

And thou, the goodliest blossom of our isles!
 Great Frederick's and his Augusta's joy,
 Thy native month approv'd with infant smiles;
 Sweet as the smiling May, Imperial Boy!
 Britannia hopes thee for her future Lord,
 Lov'd as thy Parents, only not ador'd! [stor'd.
 When-e'er a George is born, Charles is again re-

O may his Father's pant for finer fame,
 And boundless bountyhead to human kind;
 His Grandfire's glory, and his Uncle's name,
 Renown'd in war! inflame his ardent mind!
 So arts shall flourish 'neath his equal sway,
 So arms the hostile nations wide affray;
 The laurel Victory, Apollo wear the bay.

Thro' kind infusion of celestial power
 The dullard earth May quickeneth with delight:
 Full suddenly the seeds of joy (y) recure
 Elastic spring, and force within (z) empight:

(y) Recure] Recover. (z) Empight] Placed, fixed.

If senseless elements invigorate prove
By genial May, and heavy matter move,
Shall shepherdesses cease, shall shepherds fail to love?

Ye shepherdesses, in a goodly round,
Purpled with health, as in the greenwood-shade,
Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground,
And (a) defftly lead the dance along the glade;
(O may no showers your merry-makes affray!)

Hail at the opening, at the closing day,
All hail, ye (b) Bonnibels, to your own season, May.

Nor ye absent yourselves, ye shepherd-swains,
But lend to dance and song the liberal May,
And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,
Your flocks shall nibble and your lambkins play,
Frisking in glee. To May your girlands bring,
And ever and anon her praises sing:
The woods shall echo May, with May the vallies ring.

Your may-pole deck with flowery coronal;
Sprinkle the flowery coronal with wine;
And, in the nimble-footed galliard, all,
Shepherds and shepherdesses lively join:

‡ (a) Defftly] Finely. (b) Bonnibels] Pretty women.

Hither

Hither from village sweet and hamlet fair,
 From bordering cot and distant (c) glenne repair :
 Let youth indulge its sport, to (d) Eld bequeathe its
 care.

Ye wanton Dryads, and light-tripping Fawns,
 Ye jolly Satyrs, full of (e) lusty-head,
 And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns ;
 O come with rural chaplets gay dispread !
 With heel so nimble wear the springing grass ;
 To shrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling brass,
 Or foot it to the reed : Pan pipes himself apace.

In this soft season, when creation smil'd,
 A quivering splendor on the ocean hung,
 And from the fruitful froth, his fairest child,
 The queen of bliss and beauty, Venus sprung.
 The Dolphins gambol o'er the watery way,
 Carol the Naiads, while the Tritons play,
 And all the sea-green sisters bless the Holy-day.

In honour of her natal-month, the queen
 Of bliss and beauty consecrates her hours,
 Fresh as her cheek, and as her brow serene,
 To buxom ladies, and their paramours.

(c) Glenne] A country borough.

(d) Eld] Old age.

(e) Lusty-head] Vigour.

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C

Love

Love tips with golden alchimy his dart;
With rapturous anguish, with an honey'd smart
Eye languishes on eye, and heart dissolves on heart.

A softly-swelling hill, with myrtles crown'd,
(Myrtles to Venus (f) algates sacred been)
Hight Acidale, the fairest spot on ground,
For ever fragrant and for ever green,
O'erlooks the windings of a shady vale,
By beauty form'd for amorous regale:
Was ever hill so sweet as sweetest Acidale?

All down the sides, the sides profuse of flowers,
An hundred rills, in shining mazes, flow
'Thro' mossy grottoes, amaranthine bowers,
And form a laughing flood in vale below:
Where oft their limbs the Loves and Graces (g) bay,
(When Summer sheds insufferable day) [play.
And sport, and dive, and flounce in wantonness of

No noise o'ercomes the silence of the shades,
Save short-breath'd vows, the dear excess of joy;
Or harmless giggle of the youths and maids,
Who yield obeysance to the Cyprian boy:

(f) Algates] Ever,

(g) Bay] Bathe.

Or

Or lute, soft-sighing in the passing gale;
Or fountain, gurgling down the sacred vale,
Or hymn to Beauty's queen, or lover's tender tale.

Here Venus revels, here maintains her court
In light festivity and gladsome game:
The young and gay in frolic troops resort,
Withouten censure, and withouten blame.
In pleasure steep'd, and dancing in delight,
Night steals upon the day, the day on night:
Each knight his lady loves, each lady loves her
knight.

Where lives the man (if such a man there be)
In idle wilderness or desert drear,
To beauty's sacred power an enemy?
Let foul fiends (h) harrow him; I'll drop no tear.
I deem that (i) carl, by Beauty's power unmov'd,
Hated of heaven, of none but hell approv'd:
O may he never love! O never be belov'd!

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, May!
Unconscious of Love's nectar-tickling sting,
And, unrelenting, cold to Beauty's ray;
Beauty the mother and the child of Spring!

(h) Harrow] Destroy.

(i) Carl] A clown.

Beauty and Wit declare the sexes even ;
 Beauty to woman, Wit to man is given ; [heaven.
 Neither the slime of earth, but each the fire of

Alliance sweet ! let Beauty, Wit approve,
 As flowers to sunshine ope the ready breast :
 Wit Beauty loves, and nothing else can love :
 The best alone is grateful to the best.
 Perfection has no other parallel :
 Can light with darkness, doves with ravens dwell ?
 As soon, (k) perdie, shall heaven communion hold
 with hell.

I sing to you, who love alone for love :
 For gold the beauteous fools (O fools before !)
 Can win ; tho' brighter wit shall never move :
 But folly is to wit the certain cure.
 Curs'd be the men, (or be they young or old)
 Curs'd be the women, who themselves have sold
 To the detested bed for lucre base of gold.

Not Julia such : she higher honour deem'd
 To languish in the Sulmo-Poet's arms,
 Than, by the potentates of earth esteem'd,
 To give to sceptres and to crowns her charms.

(k) Perdie] An old word for asserting any thing.

Not Laura such: in sweet Vauclusa's vale
 She listened to her Petrarch's amorous tale:
 But did poor (l) Colin Clout o'er Rosalind prevail?

Howe'er that be; (m) in Acidalian shade,
 Embracing Julia, Ovid melts the day:
 No dreams of banishment his loves invade;
 Encircled in eternity of May.
 Here Petrarch with his Laura, soft reclin'd
 On violets, gives sorrow to the wind:
 And Colin Clout pipes to the yielding Rosalind.

(l) Colin Clout] Spenser uses this name in the Shepherd's Calendar, &c. and his mistress is celebrated by that of Rosalinda. (m) In Acidalian shade, &c.] These three celebrated poets and lovers were all of them unhappy in their amours. Ovid was banished on account of his passion for Julia. Death deprived Petrarch of his beloved Laura very early; as he himself tells us in his account of his own life. As for Spenser, we may conclude that his love for Rosalinda proved unsuccessful from his pathological complaints, in several of his poems, of her cruelty. The author, therefore, thought it only a poetical kind of justice to reward them in this imaginary retreat of lovers, for the misfortunes they really suffered here on account of their passion.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of th' Arcadian train,
 That e'er with tuneful breath inform'd the quill :
 Pipe on, of lovers the most loving swain !
 Of bliss and melody O take thy fill !
 Ne envy I, if dear Ianthe smile,
 Tho' low my numbers, and tho' rude my file ;
 Ne quit for Acidale fair Albion's happy isle.

Come then, Ianthe ! milder than the Spring,
 And grateful as the rosy month of May,
 O come ; the birds the hymn of Nature sing,
 Enchanting-wild, from every bush and spray :
 Swell the green gems, and teem along the vine,
 A fragrant promise of the future wine,
 The spirits to exalt, the genius to refine !

Let us our steps direct where Father-Thames
 In silver windings draws his humid train,
 And pours, where-e'er he rolls his naval-streams,
 Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.
 Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray ?
 (Ah why so long from Isis banks away !) [herds play.
 Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand shep-

Or chuse you rather Theron's calm retreat,
 Embosom'd, Surry, in thy verdant vale,
 At once the Muses and the Graces seat !
 There gently listen to my faithful tale.

Along

Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,
 Or taste the odours of the mazy grove :
 Hark how the turtles coo: I languish too with love.

Amid the pleasaunce of Arcadian scenes,
 Love steals his silent arrows on my breast ;
 Nor falls of water, nor enamell'd greens,
 Can sooth my anguish, or invite to rest.
 You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart
 Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart :
 The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.

With line of filk, with hook of barbed steel,
 Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lay,
 And from the water's crystal-bosom steal
 Upon the grassy bank the finny prey :
 The Perch, with purple speckled manifold ;
 The Eel, in silver labyrinth self-roll'd, [gold.
 And Carp, all-burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris-hues
 And nature's pencil gay-diversified,
 (For now the sun has lick'd away the dews)
 Fair-flushing and bedeck'd like virgin-bride ?
 Thither (for they invite us) we'll repair,
 Collect and weave (whate'er is sweet and fair)
 A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

Fair is the lilly, clad in balmy snow;
 Sweet is the rose, of spring the smiling eye;
 Nipt by the winds, their heads the lillies bow;
 Cropt by the hand, the roses fade and die.
 'Tho' now in pride of youth and beauty drest,
 O think, Ianthe, cruel time lays waste
 The roses of the cheek, the lillies of the breast.

Weep not; but, rather taught by this, improve
 The present freshness of thy springing prime:
 Bestow thy graces on the god of Love,
 Too precious for the wither'd arms of Time.
 In chaste endearments, innocently gay,
 Ianthe! now, now love thy spring away;
 Ere cold October-blasts despoil the bloom of May.

Now up the chalky mazes of yon hill,
 With grateful diligence we wind our way;
 What opening scenes our ravish'd senses fill,
 And wide their rural luxury display!
 Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and cots and
 Villas of learned clerks, and gentle squires; [spires,
 The villa of a friend the eye-sight never tires.

If e'er to thee and Venus, May, I strung
 The gladsome lyre, when (n) livelood swell'd my
 And Eden's nymphs and Isis' damsels sung [veins,
 In tender elegy, and pastoral strains;

(n) Livelood] Liveliness.

Collect and shed thyself on Theron's bowers,
O green his gardens! O perfume his flowers!
O blefs his morning walks, and sooth his evening
hours!

Long, Theron, with thy Annabell enjoy
The walks of nature, still to virtue kind,
For sacred solitude can never cloy
The wisdom of an uncorrupted mind!
O very long may Hymen's golden chain
To earth confine you and the rural-reign; [vain!
Then soar, at length, to heaven! nor pray, O muse, in

Where-e'er the muses haunt, or poets muse,
In solitary silence sweetly tir'd,
Unloose thy bosom, May! thy stores effuse,
Thy vernal stores, by poets most desir'd,
Of living fountain, of the woodbine-shade,
Of Philomel, sweet warbling from the glade:
Thy bounty, in his verse, shall certes be repaid.

On Twit'nam bowers (Aonian-Twit'nam bowers!)
Thy softest plenitude of beauties shed,
Thick as the winter stars, or summer flowers;
(o) Albè the tuneful master (ah!) be dead.

(o) Albè] Although.

To

To Colin next he taught my youth to sing,
 My reed to warble, to resound my string:
 The king of shepherds he, of poets he the king.

Hail, happy scenes, where joy would chuse to dwell;
 Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;
 Hail music, which the Muses (p) scant excell;
 Hail flowrets, not unworthy Venus' crown.
 Ye linnets, larks, ye thrushes, nightingales,
 Ye hills, ye plains, ye groves, ye streams, ye gales,
 Ye ever-happy scenes! all you, your poet hails.

All hail to thee, O May! the crown of all!
 The recompence and glory of my song:
 Ne small the recompence, ne glory small,
 If gentle ladies, and the tuneful throng,
 With lover's myrtle, and with poet's bay
 Fairly (q) bedight, approve the simple lay, [May!
 And think on Thomalin whene'er they hail thee,

(p) Scant] Scarcely.

(q) Bedight] Adorn'd.

ODE

O D E T O M A Y.

WElcome, sweet May! far thro' a world of snow,
 Far have I travell'd to o'ertake thy dawn;
 Beneath thy footsteps virgin lillies grow;
 Now smiles the woodland, forest and the lawn;
 Beside thee, lo! a pair of turtles fly,
 Emblems of summer, and a milder sky.

Two naked Loves, twin sons, thy steps precede,
 Each bears a basket made of roses twin'd;
 Two sporting fawns attend thee as they feed,
 Two silver-winged Zephyrs fan behind.
 Hail to thee mother of each fragrant flower,
 Begot by April on a fruitful shower!

Sweet middle month! between the harsh extremes
 Of summer's calentures, and winter's blast,
 Now gladsome flow the voluntary streams,
 And flowing seem to say—Bleak winter's past;
 Sweet as thou art, thy beauties more we prize
 Plac'd like the line, between two differing skies.

Who loves not May?—go ask the vocal grove,
 The vocal grove proclaims thee with her notes,
 Lately confin'd, blithe nature's children rove,
 While in mid air the linnet's music floats:
 Shrub, plant, and tree, with every glossy flower,
 Enjoy thy beauty, and confess thy power.

Ye nymphs, who with the virgin lillies vie,
 Now guard your virtue from the tempting swain,
 Beneath warm May a thousand dangers lie,
 Be deaf to all love's counterfeited pain :
 But when the bands of Hymen once are tied,
 If love direct—consent to be his bride.

SONG, ON MAY MORNING.

BY MILTON.

NOW the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May ; who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

THE

THE SIXTEENTH OF MAY.

BY G. JEFFREYS, ESQ.

E Liza, sweeter than the rose,
On which the May its dew bestows;
Eliza, brighter than the morn,
Whose orient beams the May adorn;
Eliza claims my song to-day,
The daughter of the queen of May.

The feather'd choir from every tree
Salute the fair, and sing with me:
Well may they sing, and well prefer
The month that gave the world and her:
The world and she began in May;
A tedious world, were she away.

But oh! ye wings of fleeting time,
Be tender of her glorious prime:
Late may her eyes their fire resign,
Still give us death, so still they shine:
And let her reign, without decay,
The queen of beauty, and of May.

A DE.

A DESCRIPTION OF SPRING IN LONDON.

NOW new-vampt filks the mercer's window
shows,

And his spruce prentice wears his sunday cloaths,
His annual suit with nicest taste renew'd,
The reigning cut and colour still pursued.
The barrow now, with oranges a score,
Driven by at once a gamester and a whore,
No longer gulls the stripling of his pence,
Who learns that poverty is nurse to sense.
Much-injur'd trader whom the law pursues,
The law which wink'd, and beckon'd to the Jews,
Why should the beadle drive thee from the street?
To sell is always a pretence to cheat.
"Large stewing oysters" in a deepening groan,
No more resounds, nor "mussels" shriller tone;
Seven days to labour now is held no crime,
And Moll "new mackrel" screams in sermon-time.
In ruddy bunches radishes are spread,
And Nan with choice-pickt sallads loads her head.
Now in the suburb window, Christmas green,
The bays and holly are no longer seen,
But sprigs of garden-mint in vials grow,
And gather'd laylocks perish as they blow.

The

The truant school-boy now at eve we meet,
 Fatigued and sweating thro' the crouded street,
 His shoes embrown'd at once with dust and clay,
 With white-thorn loaded, which he takes for May.
 Round his flapp'd hat in rings the cowslips twine,
 Or in cleft osiers form a golden line.
 On milk-pail rear'd the borrow'd salvers glare,
 Topp'd with a tankard, which two porters bear,
 Reeking they slowly toil o'er rugged stones,
 And joyless beldames dance with aking bones :
 More blithe the powder'd tye-wigg'd sons of foot,
 Trip to the shovel with a shoeless foot.
 In gay Vaux-hall now saunter beaux and belles,
 And happier cits resort to Sadler's-wells.

THE

THE MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

Nox erat, et cælo fulgebat Luna sereno,

Inter minora Sidera:

HOR.

HAil! empress of the star-bespangled sky!
 At thy benign approach night throws aside
 Her raven-colour'd vest, and from her cave
 Starts forth to visibility. And now
 With thy bright edging burnish'd, on the eye
 The tree-tops glitter. Hills, and vales, and plains,
 Thy softest influence feel. The weary ox,
 Forgetful of the labours of the day,
 Slumbers at ease beneath thy kindly beam.
 Tho' now the lamp, that late illum'd the day,
 Its blaze withdraws, to light up other worlds,
 I cannot weep its absence, while this scene
 Invites to speculation more refin'd.
 Witness this canopy of cluster'd stars,
 In dazzling order spread, immensely bright!
 Witness yon glittering mounts and valley streams
 Dancing beneath thy silver-shedding orb.
 Mute are the choral warblers of the day;
 Yet, tho' the choral warblers of the day
 No more symphonious lull attention's ear;
 And tho' nor linnet sings, nor laughing finch
 Shrill twittles from the spray — O smiling night,
Still

Still, still thou hast thy charms, while Philomel
 Is thine. Ah! let me hear th' extatic swells
 By echo's voice return'd—so sweet's the strain,
 The nymph enamour'd doubles every note,
 Save ever and anon thy softest trill
 In imperfection dies upon her tongue.
 If aught of sound the troubled breast can sooth,
 And from its course avert the tide of grief,
 'Tis thine, thou sweet musician. Tho' thy dirge
 Be querulous, yet does it fill the mind
 With solemn musing and celestial wonder.
 Nor yet I scorn, O night, thy loving bird,
 As on her ivy-flaunting turret perch'd,
 Wooing thy brownest solitude, she hoots
 To some discordant—yet again, ere morn
 Affright thine eye, and rob me of thy note!
 Oh! 'tis a pleasing melancholy air,
 Which fancy well may melodize. How oft
 From jarring strings harmonious sounds are drawn:
 Turn upwards, eyes! and see yon flaming arch,
 Behold—there view the Deity immense;
 How glows each sacred light! yon falling star!
 'Tis he who shines in all; th' eternal One
 Who form'd and rules with awe the wondrous whole.
 Here let the atheist tremble as he looks,
 And blush into belief.—But can there live

A monster so absurd? — Where art thou, then,
 Oh conscience? — What, asleep? — Then, must
 thou wake

In torments wrapt, when death disturbs thy dream.
 For know (poor crawling worm of little faith)
 Thou canst not die the wretch that thou hast liv'd.
 Here let me gaze, and, in the trance of thought,
 Forget that I am mortal. — But behold,
 Alas! the prospect lessens, and each star
 From the fair face of sun retires, eclipsed
 With lustre more predominant. Farewell,
 Sweet nurse of virtue, contemplation sage!
 For I must leave thee now. The busy day
 My lingering chides. I go, till night return,
 To plunge into that sea of sin, a bustling world.

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

BY THE LATE MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.

YE baleful followers of the Blatant Beast,
 Who censure matters far beyond your ken,
 Behold, I now present you with a feast;
 Rush forth like wolves from your sequester'd den,
 And mangle all the labours of my pen.
 Show, ye rude louts, your lewd unhallow'd rage,
 In this I share the fate of greater men;
 Pale Envy ever gnaws the laurel'd page, [wage.
 And 'gainst all worthy wight doth war perpetual

If thee, sweet nymph, these simple lines * aggrate,
 If I may hope to merit thine esteem,
 Not with the proudest would I change my state
 Of those who deeply drink Castalia's stream,
 And on Parnassus catch th' inspiring dream.
 Say, thou dear noursling of the Paphian queen,
 Wilt thou, ah! wilt thou patronize my theme,
 So shall this measure blunt the tooth of spleen,
 Nor critic's tongue shall blast such favour'd lines,
 I ween.

* Please.

See! how the tribe of witlings shun the place,
 And deep in shades conceal their fronts of brass;
 The coxcomb talks of feathers, cloaths, and lace,
 Nay Codrus unimpeach'd doth let me pass,
 Codrus, of pride and spite a mighty mass.
 Thus when a set of imps at midnight play,
 And tear the corsets from the hallow'd grafs;
 Soon as the sun unbars the gates of day,
 They fear his heavenly light, and melt in air away.

T H E S E A S O N S.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

BY THE SAME.

SPRING.

Annus agricolis ordo breviorque laborum

Summa mihi tradenda.

PRÆDIUM RUSTICUM.

ERE yet I sing the round-revolving year,
And show the toils and pastime of the swain,
At * Alcon's grave I drop a pious tear;
Right well he knew to raise his learned strain,
And, like his Milton, scorn'd the rhiming chain.
Ah! cruel fate, to tear him from our eyes;
Receive this wreath, albe the tribute's vain,
From the green sod may flowers immortal rise,
To mark the sacred spot where the sweet poet lies.

It is the cuckoo that announceth Spring,
And with his † wreakful tale the spouse doth fray;
Mean while the finches harmless ditties sing,
And hop, in buxom youth, from spray to spray,
Proud as Sir Paridel of rich array.

* The late mr. Thomfen.

† Revengeful.

The little wantons that draw Venus team
 Chirp amorous thro' the grove in beavies gay;
 And he, who erst gain'd Leda's fond esteem,
 Now fails on Tham's tide, the glory of the stream!

Proud as the Turkish soldan, chaunticleer
 Sees, with delight, his numerous race around:
 He grants fresh favours to each female near;
 For love as well as cherisance renown'd.
 The waddling dame that did the Gauls confound,
 Her tawny sons doth lead to rivers cold;
 While Juno's * dearling, with majestic bound,
 To charm his † leman doth his train unfold, [gold.
 That glows with vivid green, that flames with burning

The balmy cowslip gilds the smiling plain,
 The virgin snow-drop boasts her silver hue,
 An hundred tints the gaudy daisy stain,
 And the meek violet, in amis blue,
 Creeps low to earth, and hides from public view:
 But the rank nettle rears her crest on high;
 So ribaulds loose their front unblushing shew,
 While modest merit doth neglected lie,
 And pines in lonely shade, unseen of vulgar eye.

* Darling.

† Lover.

See!

See! all around the gall-less * culvers bill,
 Mean while the nightingale's becalming lays
 Mix with the plaintive music of the rill,
 The which in various † gyres the meadow ‡ bays.
 Behold! the welkin bursts into a blaze!
 Fast by the car of light the nimble hours,
 In songs of triumph, hail his genial rays,
 And, as they || wend to Thetis cooling bowers,
 They bound along the sky, and strew the heavens
 with flowers.

And now the human bosom melts to love;
 The raptur'd bard awakes his skilful lyre,
 By running streams, or in the laurel grove,
 He tunes to amorous notes his sounding wire,
 All, all is harmony, and all desire.
 The happy numbers charm the blooming maid.
 Her blushing cheeks pronounce her heart on fire,
 She now consents, then shuns th' embowering shade,
 With faint reluctance yields; desirous, yet afraid.

Now rustic Cuddy, with untutor'd throat,
 (Tho' much admir'd, I ween, of nymph and swain)
 By various songs would various ends promote.
 Seeks he to prove that woman's vows are vain?
 He Bateman's fortune tells, a baleful strain!

* Doves. † Circles, or windings. ‡ Bathes. || Go.

And if, to honour Britain he be led,
 He sings a 'prentice bold, in londs profane,
 Who, all unarm'd, did strike two lions dead,
 Tore forth their savage hearts, and did a princess wed.

But hark! the bag-pipe summons to the green,
 The jocund bag-pipe, that awaketh sport;
 The blithesome lasses, as the morning sheen,
 Around the flower-crown'd may-pole quick resort;
 The gods of pleasure here have fix'd their court.
 Quick on the wing the flying moment seize,
 Nor build up ample schemes, for life is short,
 Short as the whisper of the passing breeze.
 Yet, ah! in vain I preach—mine heart is ill at ease.

S U M M E R.

Beneath yon * snubby oak's extended shade
 Safe let me hide me from the eye of day ;
 Nor shall the dog-star this retreat invade,
 As thro' the heavens he speeds his burning way :
 The sultry lion rages for his prey.
 Ah Phœbus, quench thy wild destroying fire,
 Each flower, each shrub doth sink beneath thy ray,
 Save the fresh laurel, that shall ne'er expire.
 The leaves that crown a bard may brave celestial ire.

Or shall I hie to mine own hermitage,
 Round which the wanton vine her arms doth wind,
 There may I lonely turn the sacred page,
 Improve my reason, and amend my mind ;
 Here 'gainst life's ills a remedy I find.
 An hundred flowers emboss the verdant ground ;
 A little brook doth my sweet cottage bind,
 Its waters yield a melancholy sound,
 And sooth to study deep, or lull to sleep profound.

The playful insect hopping in the grass
 Doth tire the hearer with his sonnet shrill ;
 The pool-sprung gnat on sounding wing doth pass,
 And on the † ramping steed doth suck his fill ;

* Knotty.

† Starting, flying-out.

Ah me, can little creatures work such ill!
 The patient cow doth, to eschew the heat,
 Her body steep within the neighbouring rill;
 And while the lambs in fainter voices bleat, [weet.
 Their mothers hang the head, in doleful plight I

* Reckless of seasons, see the lusty swains
 Along the meadow spread the tawny hay;
 The maidens too undaunted seek the plains,
 Ne fear to show their faces to the ray;
 But all the honest badge of toil display.
 See how they mould the haycock's rising head;
 While wanton Colin, full of amorous play,
 Down throweth Susan, who doth shriek for dread.
 Fear not—thou canst be hurt upon so soft a bed.

At length the sun doth hasten to repose,
 And all the vault of heaven is streak'd with light;
 In flamy gold the ruddy welkin glows,
 And, for the noon-day heat, our pains doth † quite,
 For all is calm, serene, and passing bright.
 Favonius gentle skims along the grove,
 And sheds sweet odours from his pennons light.
 The little bat in giddy orbs doth rove, [eyed love.
 And loud the screech-owl shrieks, to rouse her blue-

* Careless.

† Requite.

Menalcas came to taste the evening gale,
 His cheeks impurpled with the rose of youth;
 He won each damsel with his piteous tale,
 They thought they listen'd to the words of truth,
 Yet their belief did work them muchel * ruth.
 His oaths were light as gossamer, or air,
 His tongue was poisonous as an aspic's tooth.
 Ah! cease to promise joy, and give despair:
 'Tis brave to smite the foe; 'tis base to wrong the fair.

The gentle Thyrsis, mild as opening morn,
 Came to the lawn, and Marian there was found,
 Marian whom many huswife arts adorn,
 Right well she knew the apple to surround
 With dulcet crust; and Thomalin renown'd
 For † prow atchievements in the wrestling-ring;
 He held at nought the vantage of the ground,
 But prone to earth the hardiest wight would fling;
 Such was Alcides erst, if poets || sooth do sing.

From tree-crown'd hill, from flower-enamel'd vale,
 The mild inhabitants in crouds appear
 To tread a measure; while night's regent pale
 Doth thro' the sky her silver chariot steer, [clear,
 Whose lucid wheels were deck'd with dew-drops
 The which, like pearls, descended on the plain.
 Now every youth doth clasp his mistress dear,
 And every nymph rewards her constant swain.
 Thrice happy he who loves, and is belov'd again.

* Sorrow. † Hardy, valiant. || Truth.

A U T U M N.

SEE jolly Autumn, clad in hunter's green,
 In wholesome * lusty-hed doth mount the sphere,
 A leafy girlond binds her temples sheen,
 Instudded richly with the spiky ear.
 Her right hand bears a vine-incircled spear,
 Such as the crew did wield whom Bacchus lad,
 When to the Ganges he his course did steer;
 And in her left a bugle-horn she had, [right glad.
 On which she † est did blow, and made the heart

In slow procession moves the tottering wain,
 The sun-burnt hinds their finish'd toil ‡ ensue;
 Now in the barn they house the glittering grain,
 And there the cries of "harvest home" renew,
 The honest farmer doth his friends || salute;
 And them with jugs of ale his wife doth treat,
 Which, for that purpose, she at home did brew;
 They laugh, they sport, and homely jests repeat,
 Then smack their lasses lips, their lips as honey sweet.

On every hill the purple-blushing vine
 Beneath her leaves her racy fruit doth hide:
 § Albe she pour not floods of foaming wine,
 Yet are we not potations bland denied;

* Vigor. † Often. ‡ Follow. || Salute. § Altho'.

See where the pear-tree doth in earth abide,
 Bruise her rich fruitage, and the grape disdain;
 The apple too will grant a generous tide,
 To sing whose honours Thenot rais'd his strain,
 Whose soul-inchanting lays still charm the listening
 plain.

Thro' greyish mists behold Aurora dawns,
 And to his sport the wary fowler hies;
 Crouching to earth his guileful pointer fawns,
 Now the thick stubble, now the clover tries,
 To find where, with his race, the partridge lies;
 Ah! luckless fire, ah! luckless race, I ween,
 Whom force compels, or subtle arts surprize;
 More * uncles wait to cause thee dolorous † teen,
 Doom'd to escape the deep, and perish on the green.

The full-mouth'd hounds pursue the timorous hare,
 And the hills echo to the joyful cry;
 Ah! borrow the light pennons of the air,
 If you're ‡ arraught, you die, poor wretch, you die.
 Nought will avail the pity-pleading eye,

* Dædalus envying Perdix his nephew's skill in mechanics,
 threw him into the sea. He escaped death by being changed
 into a partridge. † Anguish, pain. ‡ Reach'd,
 overtaken.

For our good squire doth much against you rail,
 And faith you often magic arts do try;
 At times you wave Grimalkin's footy tail,
 Or on a beefom vild you thro' the welkin fail.

The stag is rous'd; he stems the threatening flood
 That shall ere long his matchless swiftneſs quell;
 And, to avoid the tumult of the wood,
 Amongſt his well-known * pheers attempts to † miell:
 With horn and hoof his purpoſe they repell.
 Thus, ſhould a maid from virtue's lore yſtray,
 Your ſex, my Daphne, ſhow their vengeance fell;
 Your cruel ſelves with gall the ſhaft ‡ embay,
 And laſh from pardon's ſhrine the penitent away.

Now ſilence charms the ſages of the gown,
 To purer air doth ſpeed each crafty wight;
 The well-squeez'd client quits the duſty town,
 Grown grey in the aſſerting of his right,
 With head yſfraught with law, and pockets light,
 Well pleas'd he wanders o'er the fallow lea,
 And views each rural object with delight.
 Ne'er be my lot the brawling courts to ſee; [perdy.
 Who truſts to lawyer's tongue doth much || miſween,

* Companions, † Mix. ‡ Bathe. || Judges ill.

Right

Right blest'd the man who free from bitter * bale,
 Doth in the little peaceful hamlet dwell,
 No loud contention doth his ears assail,
 Save when the tempest whistles o'er his cell;
 The fruitful down, the flower-depainted dell,
 To please his eyne are variously array'd;
 And when in roundelay his flame he'd tell,
 He gains a smile from his beloved maid;
 By such a gentle smile an age of pain's repaid.

* Sorrow.

WINTER.

W I N T E R,

THE little brook that erst my cot did lave,
 And o'er its flinty pavement sweetly sung,
 Doth now forget to roll her wanton wave,
 For winter hoar her icy chain has flung,
 And still'd the babbling music of her tongue.
 The lonely woodcock seeks the splashy glen,
 Each mountain head with fleecy snow is hung;
 The snipe and duck enjoy the moorish fen,
 Like * Eremites they live, and shun the sight of men.

The † wareless sheep no longer bite the mead,
 No more the plough-boy turns the stubborn ground,
 At the full crib the horned labourers feed,
 Their nostrils cast black clouds of smoak around;
 A squalid coat doth the lean steed surround.
 The wily fox doth prowl abroad for prey,
 Rechless of snares, or of th' avenging hound;
 And trusty Lightfoot, now no longer gay,
 Sleeps at the kitchen hearth his cheerless hours away.

Where erst the boat, and slowly moving barge,
 Did with delight cut thro' the dimpling plain,
 Now wanton boys and men do roam at large;
 The river-gods quit their usurp'd domain,

* Hermits.

† Stupified.

And of the wrong at Neptune's court complain.
 There mote you see mild Avon crown'd with flowers,
 And milky Wey withouten spot or stain;
 There the fair stream that washes Hampton's bowers,
 And Isis who with pride beholds her learned towers.

Intent on sport, the ever jocund throng
 Quit their warm cots, and for the game prepare;
 Behold the restless foot-ball whirls along,
 Now near the earth, now mounted high in air.
 Thus often men, in life's wild lottery fare,
 Who quit true bliss to grasp an empty toy.
 Our honest swains for wealth nor titles care,
 But lusty health in exercise employ.
 The distant village hears the rude tumultuous joy.

The careful hedger looks the fields around
 To see what labour may his skill demand;
 He mends the fence, repairs the sinking mound,
 Or in long drains he cuts the lower land,
 That shall henceforth all sudden floods withstand.
 Mean while at home his dame, with silver hair,
 Doth sit incircled by a goodly band
 Of lovely maids, who various works prepare,
 All chaste as Jove's wife child, as Cupid's mother fair.

She them discourses not of fashions nice,
 Nor of the trilling notes which eunuchs sing,

Allurements vain, that prompt the soul to vice!
 Ne tells she them of Kesar or of king;
 Too great the subject for so mean a ring.
 Her lessons teach to swell the capon's size;
 To make the hen a numerous offspring bring;
 Or how the way-ward mother to chastize
 When from her vetchy nest the weetlefs vagrant hies.

When glistering spangles deck the robe of night,
 And all their kine in pens avoid the cold,
 The buxom troops, still eager of delight,
 Round Damon's eyne a * drapet white infold,
 He darkling gropes till he some one can hold.
 Next Corin hides his head, and must impart
 What wanton fair one smote his hand so bold.
 He Delia names, nor did from truth depart; [heart.
 For well he knew her touch, who long had fir'd his

Stay I conjure you by your hopes of blifs,
 Trust not, my Daphne, the rough-biting air,
 Let not rude winds those lips of softness kifs,
 Will Eurus stern, the charms of beauty spare?
 No, he will hurt my rosy-featur'd fair,
 If aught so bright dares rugged carl invade,
 Too tender thou such rough assaults to bear;
 The mountain ash may stand tho' strip'd of shade,
 But at the slightest wound the silken flower will fade.

* A linen cloth.

AFAREWELL HYMNE TOTHE COUNTRY.

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER'S
EPITHALAMION.

BY MR. POTTER.

Sweet poplar shade, whose trembling leaves among
The cheerefull birds delight to chaunt their laies;
Where oft the linnet powres the dulcet song,
And oft the thrilling thrush descanting plaies;
Their tunes attempting to the silver Yare,
Which gently murmurs here,
A babbling brook; but swelling in his pride
Sees two fam'd towns upon his bankes appeare,
And the tall ships on his faire bosom ride;
Indignant then rolls his prowde waves away,
And fomes ore half the sea:
Sweet stream, with shade refresht, orehung with
bowres
Entrailed with the honied woodbine faire;
Where breathes the gentlest, softest, simplest aire
Stealing fresh odors from the rising flowres,
Joy of my calmer howres,
O sooth me with thy murmurs whiles I sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

With pleasance oft two silver swannes I view
 Pranking their silken plumes with conscious pride,
 A comely couplement of goodly hew,
 Come softly swimming down the crystal tide ;
 The crystal tide, resplendent as it may,
 Looks not so faire as they,
 Whether their snowie necks they love to lave,
 Or pluck with jettie bill in wanton play
 The yellow flowres that flote upon the wave ;
 Orsdeigne to tinge their plumage, lest they might
 Soyle their pure beauties bright ;
 But with slow pomp on the clear surface move.
 Sweet cygnets, whiter than the new-faln snow
 That silvers ore Theffalian Pindus brow ;
 Purer than those that draw the queen of love,
 Fayrer than Læda's Jove,
 Tune your melodious voices whiles I sing ;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Oft when the modest morn in purple drest,
 Wak'd by the lively larke's love-learned laye,
 Unbarrs the golden light-gate of the east,
 And as a bridemaide leads the blushing daye ;
 The sunnes bright harbinger before her goes
 Scattring violet, scattring rose ;
 The jolly sunne, uprist with lusty pride, [throws
 Shakes his fair amber locks, and round him
 His glitterand beams to wellcome up his bride ;
 Then

Then bids his livery'd clouds before him flie,
And daunces up the skie.

Sweet is the breath of heaven with day-spring born;
Sweet are the flowres, that ore the damask't meads
To the new sunne unfold their velvet heads;
Sweet is the dewe, the spangled child of morn,
That does the leaves adorn;
Sweet is the matin hymne the glad birds sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

With early step yon verdant slope I tread
Crown'd with the florisht bowre of cremosin health;
Whence auntient Norwic rears her towred head,
Norwic, fair nurse of industrie and wealth!
Down in the dale my lowly hamlet lies,
Where truth without disguise,
Where dove-like peace, and virgin virtue where.
Hence Bacon's villa greets my pleasur'd eyes;
Bacon to Phœbus and the Muses deare,
Seeking, uncombred with the toyles of state,
This grove-embofom'd seate.
The tufted hill, the valley flowre-bedight,
The silver shinings of my winding Yare,
The corn green-springing, and the fallows scare,
The lambkins sporting round, rural delight,
From hence enchaunt the sight,
And wake the rural pipe, and tempt to sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Oft when the eve demure with dewy eye,
 Clad in a lengthned stole of raven-gray,
 Assumes the sober empire of the skye,
 The streakt west glimmering to the parting day;
 When golden Hesperus, forth-streaming bright,
 The leader of the night,
 Marshals his radiant troopes, and gives command
 In heaven's hie arch their lovely lamps to light;
 Shouting he walks the Gideon of the band:
 When first the youthfull moon begins to show
 New-bent her blessed bow;
 When, or uprising from her eastern bowre
 Full-orb'd she strives her glowing face to shroud,
 Gorgeously mantled in a lucid cloud;
 Or all her beaming brightness deignes to powre
 The silver'd landskip o'er;
 And shepherd swains their evening carrols sing;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring,

 Ore the new-shaven level green I rove,
 Where the fresh haycock breathes along the mead,
 Or wander thro' th' uncertain-shaded grove,
 Or the trim margent of the river tread;
 Where the soft murmurs of the poplars tall,
 To the streames liquid fall
 Attempted sweet, the museful mind delight;
 Where the lone partridge to her mate does call,
 Responsive in his homeward-hasting flight;
Where

Where the lowe quail with modulation bland
 Runnes piping ore the land ;
 Where, as I stray along the upland ground,
 The farre-off clock just trembles to my ear ;
 Where the mad citties louder mirth I hear,
 When swinging in full peal, a festive sound,
 The deep bells roar around :
 In mute attention hush'd I cease to sing ;
 Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.

Now night's pale fires a peacefull influence shed,
 The flockes forget to bleat, the herds to low,
 Loosely along the grassie green dispred :
 The slumbring trees seem their tall tops to bow,
 Rocking the careles birds that on them nest
 To gentle, gentle rest ;
 Silent each one, save the lone nightingale,
 Of all the tuneful sisters sweetest, best ;
 She, soft musitian, thro' th' encharmed dale
 Powres dainty-dittied warblings to delight
 The stillness of the night.
 'Tis sacred thus to tread the dewy glade ;
 In the calme solitude of that still howre
 To nature's God the gratefull soul to powre
 Or in the silvery shine, or doubtfull shade
 By quivering branches made :
 Rapt with the awful thought I cease to sing ;
 Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.

When flaming in the zenith of his powre,
 Darting directly down his fiery ray,
 The hottè funne, leaving his meridian bowre,
 Enfevers with his beams the cloudlesse day;
 The gadding herd from such a fervent skie
 To the cool thicket flie,
 Tormented with the bryzes teazefull sting;
 Th' enduring sheep in th' hot sands panting lie;
 The grafshoppers, blithe insects, daunce and sing;
 The mower swart his sweeping scythe forsakes,
 The damzels quit their rakes,
 And seated where the freshing shade is found
 With joyous jolliment the daye beguile;
 Sweet is the quaver'd laugh, the simper'd smile,
 When, as the tale or gamesome song goes round,
 The vocal vales resound;
 Nor less to me, whiles I essay to sing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Ye lordings great, that in prowde citties wonne,
 Which gently-cooling breezes never blesse;
 In gorgeous palaces with heat foredonne,
 Come here and envy at my littlenesse.
 All on a hanging hill, a simple home,
 For its small tenant roome,
 Safe-nested in the bosom of a grove,
 Where pride, and strife, and envie never come,
 Nor any cares, save the sweet cares of love:

A little garden gives a cool retreat
 From the daies powrefull heat ;
 Where flowes my gentle Yare, whose bankes along
 Th' inwoven branches, like a girlond made,
 With wanton wreathing decke a daintie shade ;
 While the smooth watry glafs, reflecting strong,
 With bending bankes, and shades respondent vies,
 Pointing to downward skies :
 Here in this soft enclosure whiles I sing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Here bountious nature, like a virgin faire,
 Whose ladie fingers deck the velvet green
 With cunning colourings of broidery rare
 Sweetly enterchang'd the varied shades atween,
 The grassie groundfoil, as a lovely bride,
 Hath richly beautifide,
 Strowing the primrose pale, the violet blew,
 The silver'd snow-drop, and the daisie pied,
 The crocus glistering in its golden hew,
 The cowslip drops of Amber weeping still,
 The flaunting daffodil,
 The virgin lillie, and the modest rose,
 The prettie pink, the red and white yfere ;
 Flowres of all hewes that paint the various yeare ;
 And the mild zephyr, that emong them blows,
 Around sweet odors throws,
 Scenting the soft enclosure where I sing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

The chemist bee with busy murmurings
 Extracts the soul of sweetness from each flowre,
 Such as the Syracosian Thyrsis sings,
 All in the shadow of the shepherd's bowre ;
 The stock-doves, darlings of the Mantuan swaine,
 In melting murmurs plaine ;
 Sweet birds of such a swaine to be the care,
 The footest he that ever chaunted straine,
 Or with the gladfull pipe enthrald the ear ;
 Him, as he sung, the graces dauncing round,
 With their own girlonds crown'd ;
 The nymphes that haunt the river and the grove,
 Whether his skilfull reed he sweetly charms,
 Or strikes the sounding lyre, and sings of arms,
 Apollo him, and him the Muses love
 Their own blest quire above :
 Ah ! would they deigne their visits whiles I sing ;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Here the poetic birds no fear molest :
 Did I, sweet tenants of my garden, say,
 With ruthlesse hand ere marre your prettie nests,
 Or steal th' unfeather'd innocence away ?
 For you my trees the spring's gay livery wear ;
 For you the ripening year
 Purples the plum, in the deep cherrie glows,
 And tempers the rich honie of the pear ;
 For you the laughing vine with nectar flows ;

For

For you the permain, comely to behold,
 Glows with irradiate gold,
 The burnisht bough vermilioning; for you
 The mellow'd fruit beyond its time has hung;
 Well have you paid me, for you well have fung.
 On nature's music shall we not bestowe
 Gifts we to nature owe?
 Fond of our fellow poets while they sing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

An academic leisure here I find
 With learning's lore to discipline my youth;
 By virtue's wholesome rules to form my mind,
 To seek and love the wise man's treasure, truth.
 Oft too thy hallow'd sons enthroned hie,
 O peerlesse poesie!
 Sounding great thoughts my raptur'd mind delight;
 He first, the glorious child of libertie,
 Mæonian Milton, beaming heavenly bright;
 He who full fetously the tale ytold,
 The Kentish Tityrus old;
 And he above the pride of greatness great,
 Sweet Cowley, with the gentlest spirit blest
 That ever breath'd a calme in humane brest;
 Who the poor muses richest manor seat
 The garden's mild retreat,
 Wrapt in the arms of quiet lov'd to sing;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
 And

And he, forth-beaming thro' the mystic shade
 In all the might of magic sweetly strong;
 Who steep'd in teares the pitious lines he made,
 The tendrest bard that ere empassion'd song:
 Or when of love's delights he cast to play,
 Couth deftly dight the lay;
 And with gay girlonds goodly beautifide,
 Bound trew-love-wise to grace his bridale day,
 With dainty carols hymn'd his happy bride;
 Lov'd Spenser, of trew verse the well-spring sweet!
 The footing of whose feet
 I, painefull follower, assay to trace.
 Bring fayrest flowres, the purest lillies bring,
 With all the purple pride of all the spring;
 And make great store of posies trim, to grace
 The prince of poets race;
 And hymen, hymen, io hymen sing;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Witness ye hills, and dales, and woods, and plains,
 Th' unmoved quiet of my silver daies,
 Free here from all the cares, and all the pains,
 Whose storms do threat the citties dangerous waies:
 There falsing forgery, and soule defame,
 And lust of sclanderous blame;
 There cancred tongues, school'd in th' ungratious art
 To blast the bloosme of a well-deemed name;
 There malice wonneth deep in hollow hart;
Ambition

Ambition there and pride, the lies of life,
 Sleek guile, and carled strife :
 Away plain honestie of simple eye,
 And dove-like peace that calms the shepherd's day;
 Away each science, and each muse away,
 And single truth, and sunne-bright honour flie :
 And lovely libertie :
 Here then, sweet shade, O shield me, whiles I sing;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Thus on his rustic reed the recklesse swaine,
 Smit with the peacefull joys of lowly life,
 The world's gay shows forgiving, charm'd the plaine,
 Withouten envie, and withouten strife :
 All on a knot-grass bank, ore-arched hie
 With ivy-canopie,
 And with wild roses richly well inwove,
 He lay, and tun'd his rural minstrelsie ;
 When, lo! the favouring genius of the grove,
 Fair Phylis nam'd, to his entranced sight
 Appeared heavenly bright ;
 Loose her fine tresses flow'd, like golden wire,
 With budding flowrets perled all atween,
 And shaded with a daintie girlond green ;
 And aye in green she did herself attire :
 Beneath her feet in youthful rich array
 A voluntary May [sing ;
 Threw sweets, threw flowres; the birds more joyous
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Then with a smile that brighten'd all the shade,
 Mild she bespake, and deign'd to press his hand,
 Enough, fond youth, to Physis has been paid,
 Break then thy rural pipe at her command :
 These woodnotes wild, this flowre-perfumed aire,
 And thy sweet-streaming yare
 Must charm no more ; no more the hallow'd cell,
 Where white-rob'd peace, and free-born fancy
 With sacred solitude delight to dwell. [faire
 Wake then the spark of glorious great intent,
 In action excellent
 Thot fires the noble-passion'd soul to shine :
 In all the depths of useful lore ingage,
 To grace thy youth, and dignifie thine age :
 Ne ween that Physis bids those paths decline,
 For all those paths are mine.
 Change then the straine; to hill, to valley tell
 Farewell, sweet shade: sweet poplar shade, farewell.

But, ah! beware; for in this goodly chace
 A vile enchauntress spreads her vaine delights;
 With guilefull semblants charming all that pass,
 Till she enslaved hath their feeble sprights :
 And sooth she is to view a lady faire,
 Of beauty past compare :
 And aye around her crowd a gorgeous throng,
 Skill'd in the mincing step, the vestment rare,
 And the fine squeaking of an eunuch's song ;

But

But sacred science, tender love, trew fame,
And honour's heaven-born flame

They know not; yet the pompous name vertu
To th' idle pageant give: she cruel prow'd
Deals magic charms among the carelesse crowd,
And does them all to hideous apes transmew.

But fear not thou the minion's magic pride,
For Physis is thy guide:
Come then; to hill, to dale this burden tell,
Farewell, sweet shade: sweet poplar shade, farewell.

To Cosme's polish'd court thy steps I'll lead,
My sister she, tho' est we strangers seem;
Far otherwise of us the wise aread,
But follies feeble eyes of things misdeem.
The straw-roof'd cott, the pastur'd mead I love,
The mavis-haunted grove,
The moss-clad mountaine hoar, a rugged scene;
Along the streamlet's mazy margent rove,
That sweetly steals the broken rocks atween:
She thro' the manner'd cittie powres the flame
Of high atchieved fame,
The star-bright guerdon of the great and good;
And breathes her vivid spirit in the mind
Whose generous aimes extend to all mankind,
And vindicate the worth of noble blood;
Such as, in bowre Lycæan holding place,
The man of Spargrove grace:

Come

Come then ; to hill, to dale this burden tell,
Farewell, sweet shade : sweet poplar shade, farewell.

Als like a girlond her enring around

The sphere-born muses lyring heavenly strains ;
The graces eke with bosoms all unzon'd,

A trinal band that concord sweet maintains ;
And who is she that, placed them atween,

Seems a fourth grace I ween ?

So looks the rubie pretious rare, enchaced

In the bright crownet of a maiden queen.

Each science too with verdant bay-leaves graced,

With honour brought from Attic land again,

Adorns the radiant train.

Come then, let nobler aimes thy soul inspire :

But bring the cherub Innocence along,

And Contemplation sage, on pineon strong

High-soaring ore yon lamping orb of fire—

Thus pip'd the Doric oate, while echoes shrill,

To fountaine, dale, and hill

Refyllabling the notes, this burden tell,

Farewell, sweet shade : sweet poplar shade, farewell.

LOVE

L O V E V E R S E S.

ELEGY I. TO DAMON.

* **N**O longer hope, fond youth, to hide thy pain,
 No longer blush the secret to impart;
 Too well I know what broken murmurs mean,
 And sighs that burst, half stifled, from the heart.

Nor did I learn this skill by Ovid's rule,
 The magic arts are to thy friend unknown:
 I never studied but in Myra's school,
 And only judge thy passion by my own.

Believe me, Love is jealous of his power;
 † Confess betimes the influence of the God
 The stubborn feel new torments every hour;
 To merit mercy we must kiss the rod.

* Non ego celari possim, quid nutus amantis,

Quidve ferant miti lenia verba sono.

Nec mihi sunt fortes.

TIBULL.

† Desine dissimulare; Deus crudelius urit.

Quos videt invitos succubuisse sibi.

TIBULL.

In vain, alas ! you seek the lonely grove,
 And in sad numbers to the Thames complain ;
 The shade with kindred softness sooths thy love,
 Sad numbers sooth, but cannot cure, thy pain.

When Phoebus felt (as story sings) the smart,
 By the coy beauties of his Daphne fir'd,
 * Not Phœbus' self could profit by his art,
 Tho' all the Nine the sacred lay inspir'd.

Even should the maid vouchsafe to hear thy song,
 No tender feelings will its sorrows raise ;
 For verse hath mourn'd imagin'd woes so long,
 She'll hear unmov'd, and, without pitying, praise.

Nor yet, proud maid, shouldst thou refuse thine ear,
 Nor are the manners of the poet rude,
 Nor pours he not the sympathetic tear,
 His heart by anguish, not his own, subdued,

When fairest names in long oblivion rot,
 (For fairest names must yield to wasting time)
 The poet's mistress 'scapes the common lot,
 And blooms uninjur'd in his living rhyme.

* Nec profunt domino, quæ profunt omnibus artes. OVID.

ELEGY

E L E G Y. H.

IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

“ Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.” POPE.

THou, whom long since I number'd for my own,
To whose kind view in life's first happy days
Each young ambition of my heart was known,
For fame my ardour, and my love of ease,

Say, wilt thou pardon, that a-while I thought
(The thought how vain!) my feelings to disguise?
Too well thou knew'st, by Myra's lessons taught,
The soul's soft language, and the voice of eyes:

Thou knew'st — perhaps, ere to myself 'twas
known —

The impatient struggling of the sigh suppress'd;
And early saw'st, instructed by thy own,
The infant passion kindling in my breast:

“ No longer then I'll seek to hide my pain,
“ No longer blush the secret to impart;”
The mask, which wrong'd thy friendship, I disdain,
“ * And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.”

Nor shall the jealous God with hand severe
 Afflict his vassal, tho' a rebel long ;
 Already hath he breath'd the humble prayer,
 And pour'd already the repentant song.

But, ah ! in vain his art the poet tries,
 The power of numbers he exerts in vain ;
 The maid regards them with unconscious eyes,
 And hears, but will not understand, the strain :

Yet hath she seen — for nothing could conceal —
 The wild emotions of his labouring breast ;
 The fond attention, that devour'd her tale ;
 The hand that trembled, when her hand it prest :

While his pleas'd ear upon her accents hung,
 Oft hath she mark'd the involuntary sigh,
 Love's "broken murmurs" forming on his tongue,
 And love's warm rapture starting to his eye :

And she hath seen him whelm'd in bitterest woe,
 When her frown spoke some error unforgiven ;
 And she hath seen each kindling feature glow,
 When her smile cheer'd him with a gleam of heaven.

But, when in verse he breathes his amorous care,
 (As if she knew not what to all is known
 His arts she praises, but neglects his prayer,
 Nor deem the poet, or the verse, her own.

Say then, O say (for, sure, thou know'st full well
 Each tender thought with happiest skill to dress)
 His heart's strong feelings how his tongue shall tell !
 How speak — what language never can express !

Teach him those arts that did thy suit commend,
 When love first prompted Myra to be kind ;
 And, that those arts may prosper, let thy friend
 His love's soft advocate in Myra find.

Then, while the happy means thy lesson shows
 To win the maid his passion to approve,
 Then Myra shall recount — for Myra knows —
 What blessings are in store for those that love :

Myra shall tell her, that from love alone
 Flows the pure spring of happiness sincere ;
 And love, with power to lovers only known,
 Doubles each joy, and lessens every care ;

And each warm transport of her conscious heart,
 And each fair hope, that doth her state attend,
 With generous ardor Myra shall impart,
 And point her own example to her friend :

And if her sense shall Damon's claim approve,
 And if her candour deem his vow sincere,
 Her tongue shall speak the interest of his love,
 Her gentle eloquence enforce his prayer :

And all that tenderest pity can suggest,
 And each soft argument her thought can find,
 Myra shall urge—O be her pleading blest!—
 To win her fair companion to be kind:

And when—for friendship must not pass them o'er—
 She gives the frailties of his youth to fight,
 O may her pencil place—he asks no more—
 Each little merit in the fairest light!

Clara, perchance, may learn to love an heart,
 (Proud tho' the boast, it is an honest pride)
 Where nothing selfish ever claim'd a part,
 Which owns no purpose it should wish to hide;

Warm with the love of virtue and mankind,
 At others bliss where social feelings glow;
 And where, when sorrow wrings the worthy mind,
 The tear is ready for another's woe:

This praise the youth is fond to call his own;
 No higher worth he seeks his claim to grace;
 His hope he builds upon his love alone,
 And his love stands on reason's solid base:

No sudden blaze, the meteor of a day,
 Its transient splendor o'er his heart doth pour;
 Kindled at virtue's fire, the steady ray
 Shall shine thro' life, and gild its latest hour.

If such an heart can please, if such a flame
 With kindred ardour can inspire her breast,
 His first ambition hath obtain'd its aim —
 To Heaven and Fortune he commits the rest.

But if, regardless of the honest prayer,
 The maid unpitying, on his love should frown;
 If fate's worst shock the youth is doom'd to bear,
 Each prospect darken'd, and each hope o'erthrown;

Too humbly fearful of th' all-ruling power
 To strike the blow that sets the spirit free,
 Prison'd in life, he'll wait the appointed hour,
 And, patient, bend him to the hard decree :

Yet ne'er (however shifts the varying scene)
 Shall her dear image from his mind depart ;
 Still fresh the lov'd idea shall remain,
 Warm in each pulse, and woven with his heart :

Unchang'd thro' life, still anxious for her peace,
 For her to heaven his daily prayer shall rise ;
 And, when kind fate shall grant the wish'd release,
 His last weak breath shall bless her as it flies :

Then, when in earth's cold womb his limbs are laid,
 (For, sure, her servant's fall shall reach her ear)
 Clara, perchance, will sigh, and grant his shade
 The kind compassion of a pious tear :

Yes — she will weep — for gentle is her breast —
 Tho' his love pleas'd not, she will mourn his doom;
 And, haply, when with flowers his grave is drest,
 Her hand may plant a myrtle o'er his tomb.

This meed, at least, his service may demand;
 This — and 'tis all he asks — his truth may claim:
 No breathing marble o'er his dust shall stand;
 No storied urn shall celebrate his name:

Enough for him, that, where his ashes lie,
 When kindred spirits shall at times repair,
 The prosperous youth shall cast a pitying eye,
 The slighted virgin pour her sorrows there:

Enough for him, that pointing to his stone,
 The sad old man his story shall relate,
 Then smite his breast, and wish, with many a groan,
 No child of his may meet so hard a fate.

THE

THE RECANTATION.

AN ODE.

BY Love too long depriv'd of rest,
(Fell tyrant of the human breast!)

His vassal long, and worn with pain,
Indignant late I spurn'd the chain;
In verse, in prose, I sung and swore
No charms should e'er enslave me more,
Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
Again should force one tender sigh.

As, taught by heaven's informing power,
From every fruit and every flower,
That nature opens to the view,
The bee extracts the nectar-dew;
A vagrant thus, and free to change
From fair to fair I vow'd to range,
And part from each without regret
As pleas'd and happy as I met.

Then Freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,
With Freedom's praise the vallies rung,
And every night and every day,
My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay:

“ My

“ My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,
 “ My breast regains its wonted peace,
 “ And joy and hope returning prove,
 “ That Reason is too strong for Love.”

Such was my boast—but, ah! how vain!
 How short was Reason's vaunted reign!
 The firm resolve I form'd ere-while
 How weak oppos'd to Clara's smile!
 Chang'd is the strain—The vallies round
 With Freedom's praise no more resound,
 But every night and every day
 My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

Offended deity, whose power
 My rebel tongue but now forswore,
 Accept my penitence sincere,
 My crime forgive, and grant my prayer!
 Let not thy slave, condemn'd to mourn,
 With unrequited passion burn;
 With Love's soft thoughts her breast inspire,
 And kindle there an equal fire!

It is not beauty's gaudy flower,
 (The empty triumph of an hour)
 Nor practis'd wiles of female art
 That now subdue my destin'd heart:

O no!—'Tis heaven, whose wondrous hand
 A transcript of itself hath plann'd,
 And to each outward grace hath join'd
 Each lovelier feature of the mind.

These charms shall last, when others fly,
 When roses fade, and lillies die ;
 When that dear eye's declining beam
 Its living fire no more shall stream :
 Blest then, and happy in my chain,
 The song of Freedom flows in vain ;
 Nor Reason's harsh reproof I fear,
 For Reason's self is Passion here.

O dearer far than wealth or fame,
 My daily thought, my nightly dream,
 If yet no youth's successful art
 (Sweet hope) hath touch'd thy gentle heart,
 If yet no swain hath blest'd thy choice,
 Indulgent hear thy Damon's voice ;
 From doubts, from fears his bosom free,
 And bid him live—for Love and Thee !

LOVE

L O V E E L E G I E S.

ELEGY I.

'TIS night, dead night; and o'er the plain
 Darkness extends her ebony ray,
 While wide along the gloomy scene
 Deep Silence holds her solemn sway :

Throughout the earth no cheerful beam
 The melancholic eye surveys,
 Save where the worm's fantastic gleam
 The 'nighted traveller betrays :

The savage race (so heaven decrees)
 No longer thro' the forest rove ;
 All nature rests, and not a breeze
 Disturbs the stillness of the grove :

All nature rests ; in Sleep's soft arms
 The village swain forgets his care :
 Sleep, that the sting of Sorrow charms,
 And heals all sadness but Despair :

Despair

Despair alone her power denies,
 And, when the sun withdraws his rays,
 To the wild beach distracted flies,
 Or cheerless thro' the desert strays ;

Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,
 While fearful echoes burst around,
 On some cold stone he leans his head,
 Or throws his body on the ground.

To some such drear and solemn scene,
 Some friendly power direct my way,
 Where pale Misfortune's haggard train,
 Sad luxury ! delight to stray.

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,
 Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,
 Resign'd, I'll wait my final doom,
 And bid the busy world adieu.

The world has now no joys for me
 Nor can life now one pleasure boast,
 Since all my eyes desir'd to see,
 My wish, my hope, my all, is lost ;

Since she, so form'd to please and bless,
 So wise, so innocent, so fair,
 Whose converse sweet made sorrow less,
 And brighten'd all the gloom of care ;

Since she is lost : — Ye powers divine,
 What have I done, or thought, or said,
 O say, what horrid act of mine
 Has drawn this vengeance on my head ?

Why should heaven favour Lycon's claim ?
 Why are my heart's best wishes crost ?
 What fairer deeds adorn his name ?
 What nobler merit can he boast ?

What higher worth in him was found
 My true heart's service to outweigh ?
 A senseless fop ! — A dull compound
 Of scarcely animated clay !

He dress'd, indeed, he danc'd with ease,
 And charm'd her by repeating o'er
 Unmeaning raptures in her praise,
 That twenty fools had said before :

But I, alas, who thought all art
 My passion's force would meanly prove,
 Could only boast an honest heart,
 And claim'd no merit but my love.

Have I not sat — ye conscious hours
 Be witness — while my Stella sung,
 From morn to eve, with all my powers
 Rapt in the enchantment of her tongue !

Ye conscious hours, that saw me stand
Entranc'd in wonder and surprize,
In silent rapture press her hand,
With passion bursting from my eyes,

Have I not lov'd? — O earth and heaven!
Where now is all my youthful boast?
The dear exchange I hop'd was given
For slighted fame and fortune lost!

Where now the joys that once were mine?
Where all my hopes of future bliss?
Must I those joys, these hopes resign?
Is all her friendship come to this?

Must then each woman faithless prove,
And each fond lover be undone?
Are vows no more! — Almighty Love!
The sad remembrance let me shun!

It will not be — My honest heart
The dear sad image still retains;
And, spite of reason, spite of art,
The dreadful memory remains.

Ye powers divine, whose wondrous skill
Deep in the womb of time can see,
Behold, I bend me to your will,
Nor dare arraign your high decree.

Let her be blest with health, with ease,
 With all your bounty has in store ;
 Let sorrow cloud my future days,
 Be Stella blest !—I ask no more.

But lo ! where, high in yonder east,
 The star of morning mounts apace !
 Hence—let me fly the unwelcome guest,
 And bid the Muse's labour cease.

ELEGY

E L E G Y II.

When, young, life's journey I began,
 The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,
 I saw along the extended plan
 Joy after joy successive rise:

And Fame her golden trumpet blew;
 And Power display'd her gorgeous charms;
 And Wealth engag'd my wandering view;
 And Pleasure wooed me to her arms:

To each by turns my vows I paid;
 As Folly led me to admire;
 While Fancy magnified each shade,
 And Hope increas'd each fond desire:

But soon I found 'twas all a dream;
 And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,
 Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,
 And thousands daily are undone:

And Fame, I found, was empty air;
 And Wealth had terror for her guest:
 And Pleasure's path was strewn with care;
 And Power was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chace, I gave it o'er ;
 And, in a far sequester'd shade,
 To Contemplation's sober power
 My youth's next services I paid.

There health and peace adorn'd the scene ;
 And oft, indulgent to my prayer,
 With mirthful eye and frolic mien,
 The Muse would deign to visit there :

There would she oft delighted rove
 The flower-enamell'd vale along ;
 Or wander with me thro' the grove,
 And listen to the woodlark's song ;

Or, 'mid the forest's awful gloom,
 While wild amazement fill'd my eyes,
 Recall past ages from the tomb,
 And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus, in the Muse's favour blest,
 One wish alone my soul could frame,
 And heaven bestow'd, to crown the rest,
 A friend, and Thyrsis was his name.

For manly constancy and truth,
 And worth, unconscious of a stain,
 He bloom'd the flower of Britain's youth,
 The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendship grew;
 No cares did then my peace destroy :
 Time brought fresh blessings as he flew,
 And every hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blissful scene was lost,
 Soon did the sad reverse appear ;
 Love came, like an untimely frost,
 To blast the promise of my year.

I saw young Daphne's angel-form,
 (Fool that I was, I blest'd the smart)
 And, while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,
 The dear infection seiz'd my heart.

She was—at least in Damon's eyes—
 Made up of loveliness and grace,
 Her heart a stranger to disguise,
 Her mind as perfect as her face :

To hear her speak, to see her move,
 (Unhappy I, alas, the while!)
 Her voice was joy, her look was love,
 And heaven was open'd in her smile !

She heard me breathe my amorous prayers,
 She listen'd to the tender strain,
 She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,
 And seem'd at length to share my pain :

She said she lov'd—and I, poor youth!
 (How soon, alas, can Hope persuade!)
 Thought all she said no more than truth,
 And all my love was well repay'd.

In joys unknown to courts or kings,
 With her I fate the live-long day,
 And said and look'd such tender things,
 As none beside could look or say!

How soon can Fortune shift the scene,
 And all our earthly bliss destroy?—
 Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train
 Still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's best boast,
 My soul's chief blessing and my pride,
 In one sad moment all were lost,
 And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrsis died.

O who, that heard her vows ere-while,
 Could dream those vows were insincere?
 O who could think, that saw her smile,
 That fraud could find admittance there?

Yet she was false—my heart will break!
 Her frauds, her perjuries were such—
 Some other tongue than mine must speak—
 I have not power to say how much!

Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,
 O shun her paths, the traitress shun!
 Her voice is death, her smile is fate,
 Who hears, or sees her, is undone.

And, when Death's hand shall close my eye,
 (For soon, I know, the day will come)
 O cheer my spirit with a sigh,
 And grave these lines upon my tomb.

T H E E P I T A P H.

COnsign'd to dust, beneath this stone,
 In manhood's prime is Damon laid;
 Joyless he liv'd, and died unknown
 In bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain—
 'Twas beauty drew his ruin on;
 He saw young Daphne on the plain;
 He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone.

His heart then sunk beneath the storm,
 (Sad meed of unexampled truth)
 And sorrow, like an envious worm,
 Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid—
 O greet his ashes with a tear!
 May heaven with blessings crown his shade,
 And grant that peace he wanted here!

A N I N S C R I P T I O N

**WRITTEN UPON ONE OF THE * TUBS IN HAM-
WALKS; SEPTEMBER MDCCLX.**

DArk was the sky with many a cloud,
The fearful lightnings flash'd around;
Low to the blast the forest bow'd,
And bellowing thunders rock'd the ground;

Fast fell the rains upon my head,
And weak and weary were my feet,
When lo! this hospitable shed
At length supplied a kind retreat.

That in fair memory's faithful page
The bard's escape may flourish long,
Yet, shuddering from the tempest's rage,
He dedicates the votive song.

For ever sacred be the earth
From whence the tree its vigour drew!
The hour that gave the seedling birth!
The forest where the scyon grew!

* Two seats in Ham walks, called Tubs, from their form,
which resembles an hog'shead split in two.

Long honour'd may his ashes rest,
 Who first the tender shoot did rear!
 Blest be his name! — But doubly blest
 The friendly hand that plac'd it here!

O ne'er may war, or wind, or wave,
 This pleasurable scene deform,
 But time still spare the seat, which gave
 The poet shelter from the storm!

VERSES

WRITTEN UPON A PEDESTAL BENEATH A ROW
OF ELMS IN A MEADOW NEAR RICHMOND
FERRY, BELONGING TO RICHARD OWEN CAM-
BRIDGE, ESQ. SEPTEMBER MDCCLX.

* **Y**E green-hair'd nymphs ! whom Pan allows
To guard from harm these favour'd boughs ;
Ye blue-eyed Naiads of the stream,
That sooth the warm poetic dream ;
Ye elves and sprights, that thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic measures uncontroll'd,
Your fairy sports and revels hold,
And up and down, where-e'er ye pass,
With many a ringlet print the grass ;
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power
At morn's grey dawn, or evening hour ;
If e'er by moonlight on the plain
Your ears have caught th' enraptur'd strain ;
From every floweret's velvet head,
From reverend Thames's oozy bed,

* A line of Mr. Maſon's.

From

From these moss'd elms, where, prison'd deep,
 Conceal'd from human eyes, ye sleep,
 If these your haunts be worth your care,
 Awake, arise, and hear my prayer!

O banish from this peaceful plain
 The perjur'd nymph, the faithless swain,
 The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow,
 And harsh rejects the honest vow :
 The sop, who wounds the virgin's ear
 With aught that sense would blush to hear,
 Or, false to honour, mean and vain,
 Defames the worth he cannot stain :
 The light coquet, with various art,
 Who casts her net for every heart,
 And smiling flatters to the chace
 Alike the worthy and the base :
 The dame, who, proud of virtue's praise,
 Is happy if a sister strays,
 And, conscious of unclouded fame,
 Delighted, spreads the tale of shame :
 But far, O ! banish'd far be they,

Who hear, unmov'd, the orphan's cry,
 Who see, nor wish to wipe away,

The tear that swells the widow's eye ;
 Th' unloving man, whose narrow mind
 Disdains to feel for human-kind,

At others bliss whose cheek ne'er glows,
 Whose breast ne'er throbs with others woes,
 Whose hoarded sum of private joys
 His private care alone destroys ;
 Ye fairies cast your spells around,
 And guard from such this hallow'd ground !

But welcome all, who sigh with truth,
 Each constant maid and faithful youth,
 Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
 Sweet union of the willing mind !
 Hearts pair'd in heaven, not meanly sold,
 Law-licens'd prostitutes for gold :
 And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
 The chosen few, the worthy train,
 Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,
 Still tread where virtue marks the way ;
 Whose souls no thought, whose hands have known
 No deed, which honour might not own ;
 Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,

In others bliss can claim a part,
 And, in life's brightest hour, can share
 Each pang that wrings another's heart :
 Ye guardian spirits, when such ye see,
 Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free !
 Clear be the sky from clouds or showers !
 Green be the turf, and fresh the flowers !

And

And that the youth, whose pious care
Lays on your shrine this honest prayer,
May, with the rest, admittance gain,
And visit oft this pleasant scene,
Let all who love the Muse attend !
Who loves the Muse is virtue's friend.

Such then alone may venture here,
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear ;
Whose wide affections can embrace
The whole extent of human race ;
Whom Virtue and her friends approve ;
Whom Cambridge and the Muses love.

ODE

ODE ON RANELAGH.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

BEING A PARODY ON MR. GRAY'S CELEBRATED
ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COL-
LEGE.

YE dazzling lamps, ye jocund fires,
That from yon fabric shine,
Where grateful pleasure yet admires
Her * Lacy's great design:
And ye, who from the fields which lie
Round Chelsea, with amazement's eye,
The gardens, and the dome survey,
Whose walks, whose trees, whose lights among,
Wander the courtly train along
Their thought-dispelling way.

Ah, splendid room! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, walks belov'd in vain!
Where oft in happier times I stray'd,
A stranger then to pain:
I feel the gales, which from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow,

* Mr. Lacy, one of the managers of Drury-lane theatre, is
said to have first planned Ranelagh.

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
They seem to sooth my famish'd soul,
And redolent of tea, and roll,
To breathe a second spring.

Rotonda, say, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
In thy bright round with step serene,
The paths of pleasure trace ;
Who chiefly now delight to lave
Green hyson in the boiling wave,
The sable coffee which distill ?
What lounging progeny are found,
Who stroll incessant round and round,
Like horses in a mill ?

While some on earnest business dream,
And gravely stupid try
To search each complicated scheme
Of public policy :
Some ladies leave the spacious dome,
Around the garden's maze to roam,
And unknown regions dare descry ;
Still as they walk they look behind,
Lest some a secret foe should find
From some malicious eye.

Loud

Loud mirth is theirs, and pleasing praise
 To beauty's shrine address'd ;
 The sprightly songs, the melting lays,
 Which charm the soften'd breast ;
 Theirs lively wit, invention free,
 The sharp bon mot, keen repartee,
 And every art coquets employ,
 The thoughtless day, the jocund night,
 The spirits brisk, the sorrows light,
 That fly th' approach of joy.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
 The lovely victims rove ;
 No sense of sufferings yet to come
 Can now their prudence move :
 But see ! where all around them wait
 The ministers of female fate,
 An artful, perjur'd, cruel train ;
 Ah ! show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the faithless band
 Of false deceitful men !

These shall the lust of gaming wear,
 That harpy of the mind,
 With all the troop of rage and fear,
 That follows close behind :
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,
 Or jealousy with rankling tooth

That

That gnaws bright Hymen's golden chain;
Who opens wide the fatal gate,
For sad distrust, and ruthless hate,
And Sorrow's pallid train.

Ambition this shall tempt to fix
Her hopes on something high,
To barter for a coach and fix
Her peace and liberty.
The stings of Scandal these shall try,
And Affectation's haughty eye,
That scowls on those it us'd to greet;
The cutting sneer, th' abusive song,
And false report that glides along
With never-resting feet.

And lo! where in the vale of years
A grizly tribe are seen;
Fancy's pale family of fears,
More hideous than their queen:
Struck with th' imaginary crew,
Which artless Nature never knew,
These aid from quacks, and cordials beg,
While this transform'd by folly's hand,
Remains a-while at her command,
A tea-pot, or an egg.

To

To each her sufferings : all must grieve,
 And pour a silent groan,
 At homage others charms receive,
 Or flights that meet their own : —
 But ill the voice of truth severe
 Will suit the gay regardless ear,
 Whose joy in mirth and revels lies !
 Thought would destroy this paradise.
 No more ! — Where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

H. P.

THE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

BY J. E. W.

—Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

Vinc.

From gay St. James's Myra was return'd,
 Within her breast the flames of envy burn'd,
 Reclin'd upon the couch she sought relief,
 But the soft plumage added to her grief;
 Now to the citron cordial she applies,
 The cordial too its usual balm denies;
 Will not kind Morpheus one short nap bestow?
 He never perches on a breast of woe.
 What! has her peerless face betray'd some flaws?
 Or does some mighty loss the conflict cause?
 Has some dire pimple, to disturb her eye,
 Made an irruption where the lillies lie?
 Smokes there less incense at her virgin shrine?
 Or crowns some rival-toast th' enamour'd wine?
 What can she dread, whose every charm subdues
 The garter'd noble—and invites the muse?
 Not one of those, nor all of them conjoin'd
 Have ruffled the composure of her mind;
 But at the court she saw, what tongue can tell!
 Worse than Quevedo's visionary hell—

A female implement! and at the sight
Her spirit sunk—she swoon'd away for spite!

Clarinda's hand the glittering pageant grac'd,
With which she led the beaux, and men of taste;
Discarded Myra saw the envied prize;
She saw—and curst it with her heart and eyes.

So, even at church, if some new dress arrive,
The blazing meteor galls the female hive;
Each eye, arrested, on the fashion glotes,
And every woman imprecates, and doats;
The clerk's proud wife neglects her husband's song,
And comminations fly from every tongue.
A fan! the mighty cause of Myra's care,
For beauties envy trifles light as air!
The fashion dawn'd from madam Pompadour,
Newly imported to the British shore:

Clarinda, to improve her magazine
Of charms—had lately at the toyshop been,
Searching for trinkets, she the bawble found,
And seiz'd the product of a foreign ground,
Resolving to transplant it to the court,
She bought, and paid a hundred guineas for't;
Arm'd with this bright umbrella she appear'd,
And, wafted by its gales, to conquest steer'd;
A hecatomb of hearts were soon resign'd
To young Clarinda's eyes intrench'd behind;

While stars and garters emulating strove
 Which should croud foremost to present his love,
 His vows thro' this gay medium to enhance;
 Such are thy fashionable tools—oh France!
 While thus Clarinda's innovating pride
 From Myra's charms drew dukes and lords aside,
 Like a discarded statesman, in disgrace
 The fair one to the victor left the place;
 Thus, like a beaten general, forc'd to yield,
 She quits the glories of the long-fought field:
 In sullen discontent she seeks the gloom
 To meditate revenge within her room.
 At length to Venus with uplifted eyes,
 And fervent prayer, the baffled maid applies:
 "Oh! Venus, by thy myrtles and thy doves,
 " And every symbol of the Paphian groves,
 " By all thy bright regalia I implore,
 " Oh! grant one favour to thy Myra more;
 " Let not Clarinda such a conquest boast,
 " Nor lead of nobles, thus, her shining host:
 " For lo! what stars, like silver Cynthia's train,
 " Attend her triumph, and support her reign!
 " See, how each garter, like the Zodiac, vies
 " To grace the blue horizon of her eyes!
 " Debase her trinket, her new-fangled toy,
 " And crush the infant dawning of her joy,

" Give

" Give me, by some rich implement, to win
 " The men—tho' 'twere a diamond-headed pin:
 " Then shall a thousand hearts, a thousand days,
 " With sweetest incense on thy altars blaze.
 " Then, for each lover which thy gift imparts,
 " A hymn shall carol to the God of Hearts."

Propitious Venus heard the maiden's prayer,
 And sent a pleasing dream to sooth her care:
 Fair to her raptur'd fancy there arose
 A crimson orb, but richer far than those
 Which stately cardinals in triumph wear,
 The boon and earnest of the papal chair;
 Its ample brim three rows of sapphires grac'd,
 The cestus, as a ribband, gave it taste:
 A thousand brilliants, here and there display'd,
 With blushing rubies, lent it light and shade.
 In emerald cut, a king imperial fate
 Beneath a golden canopy of state,
 Powder'd with hieroglyphics of his reign,
 As undisputed monarch of the main.
 The consort of his throne was seated nigh
 In pearl, and clearest crystal form'd each eye;
 Attending nobles the regalia bore,
 The crown and sceptre both of massy ore.
 In solemn order the procession moves,
 A prelate waits to crown their happy loves.

Why should we here describe, what all have seen,
 The coronation of a king and queen?
 Or why attempt in colours to display
 That state, when George and Charlotte blest the day.

Dazzled with lustre, Myra now awakes,
 And from the visionary model takes
 A hat, which soon eclips'd Clarinda's fan,
 Nor left the fair competitor a man.
 With this she claims Love's empire as her own,
 Reigns absolute, nor envies George his throne.

WOMAN'S

W O M A N ' S A G E.

BY THE SAME.

Woman's age is seldom known
 From fifteen to fifty-one ;
 Still mendacious, never certain,
 Still conceal'd behind the curtain ;
 And tho' kind papa has wrote
 Year, and month and day — to note
 Miss's age within the bible,
 The leaf she'll tear out as a libel
 On her fame and reputation,
 Age can't bear examination ;
 Tho' the crow-feet near her eyes
 Prove she's older, than she's wife ;
 Tho' the wrinkles, like a gnomon,
 Point her out, a grave old woman,
 Still the matron hides the cheat
 With sweet powder, or a tête.
 Phillis, confronted with grey hairs,
 Retrenches half a dozen years,
 While, Chloe, immature and green,
 Tells every one, she's past nineteen.
 What are their different motives then ?
 To cheat, if possible, the men ;

Sage Phillis knows her bloom is flitting,
 While Chloe fain would be thought fitting;
 This sets our teeth on edge, and that
 By being over-ripe—is flat;
 'Thus, tho' they play a separate game,
 From the same view they take their aim;
 While neither boasts the pleasing flavour,
 Both study to attract our favour;
 'Tho' this is verjuice, that molasses,
 'They'll cheat their very looking-glasses;
 Young Chloe, like a watch too fast,
 Would antedate the hour, not past,
 While Phillis, like a clock that's down,
 Will never let the hour be known:
 Thus contradictory both move
 Too little, or too much for love:
 So have I seen, to sell bad wines,
 A flying horse, on painted signs,
 In seeming motion thro' the air,
 Ne'er quit his wooden hemisphere.

THE BREACH OF THE RIVERS.

BY THE SAME.

Quæ vos dementia cepit?

VIRG.

THE rivers once their union broke,
 For reasons, like us English folk,
 Because they knew not why;
 The gentry took it in their head
 To run no more, but keep their bed,
 And let the sea go dry;
 For why, forsooth, should they be always going
 To keep him full, and humour his o'erflowing?

They would support no more, not they,
 His royal tidings twice a day,
 His tides of ebb and flood;
 The Danube swore it; and the Rhine
 Made oath, upon his richest wine,
 To make the compact good.
 No—no—he, truly, did not understand
 Why his imperial streams should brook command.

And next appear'd the Ohio,
 With castles laden was his brow,

By

By which he solemn swore,
 That if the Mississippi join'd,
 And was as well as he inclin'd,
 He'd go to sea no more ;
 The Mississippi gave his oath, that he
 Would be as true, and to the league agree.

Next spoke the Severn's stately tide ;

" Sirs — I will curb old Ocean's pride —

" Here do I daily pour

" Millions of tons for Ocean's use,

" And truly, he'll have no excuse,

" He'll have 'em at the hour :

" Now, by the river gods, and nymphs, not I,

" Let him draw bills on fight upon the sky.

" Yes, let the surly-mouthed main

" Draw on his magazines of rain —

" What say you, brother Trent ?

" What says the Thames to this proposal ?

" Are we at this proud king's disposal,

" To pay a high rack-rent

" When'er he pleases to demand our treasure,

" And lord it o'er us at his tyrant pleasure ?"

The flames are kindled — Critics, hold —

You'll say th' allusion is too bold ;

Can flames in rivers burn?
 O! yes—Sedition's voice can change
 The blood and juices, like the mangle,
 And to corruption turn
 The sweet and wholesome crasis of the blood—
 And so far, Critics, the allusion's good.

Th' assembly fills—Northumbrian Tyne
 Swore by his salmon, he would join,
 And by his footy gods,
 That tho' all England starv'd with cold,
 He'd waft the coals no more for gold,
 He matter'd not the odds:
 What was't to him, or his, if he must creep,
 And cringe to do obeisance to the Deep?

There was not even a tench, or carp,
 That did not on the topic harp;
 No—nor a trout, or eel,
 The meanest native of the stream
 Could dwell upon the pleasing theme
 To save the common-weal:
 The public good was now the general cry,
 Even in the mouths of the small salmon-fry.

Vox Populi, Vox Dei, loud
 Was heard thro' all the finny croud;

And

And all the rivers swore,
By their respective nymphs, that they
Would henceforth go no more to sea,
Nor make a voyage more ;
The motion was unanimous agreed
From smooth-wav'd Medway to the northern Tweed.

What was the dreadful consequence ?
The waters broke o'er mound and fence,
And overflow'd their banks :
An inundation, says my fable,
O'erflow'd each farmer's barn and stable,
And play'd a thousand pranks ;
A dismal sight, indeed, it was to see
The mad uproar of this wild anarchy.

But soon the comedy was o'er,
'Twas now a desolated shore,
And every bed was dry ;
Too soon their dread mistake they found,
For all the fish were run aground,
Their spawn and progeny ;
They and their helpless families were left
To starve, — of Ocean's usual stores bereft.

For, unsupplied, he must deny
His rich reciprocal supply,

Whose

Whose wealth was what they gave ;
And since they stopt the natural source,
He could make no return of course,

Nor fend his briny wave
To purify and cheer their gelid streams ;
Such is the fatal end of harsh extremes !

How sweet the notes of treason sound
To faction's ear ! how quick are found

Smooth reasons to withdraw
Our due allegiance from the throne !
We threaten, while our heads are on,

And set at nought the law ;
We curse this cefs, and damn that tax,
But never dream of Tyburn, or the axe.

LABOUR

LABOUR IN VAIN. A NEW SONG.

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that had
 One morning I rang'd o'er the plain; [stray'd,
 But alas! after all my researches were made,
 I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length, growing hopeless my lambs to restore,
 I resolv'd to return back again;
 It was useless I thought to seek after them more,
 Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return pretty Phebe I saw,
 And to love her I could not refrain;
 To solicit a kiss I approach'd her with awe,
 But she told me my labour was vain.

Dear Phebe, I cried, to my suit lend an ear,
 And let me no longer complain;—
 She replied, with a frown and an aspect severe,
 Young Colin your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my breast,
 And kiss'd her and kiss'd her again—
 O! Colin, she cried, if you're rude I protest,
 That your labour shall still be in vain.

At

At length, by intreaties, by kisses and vows,
 Compassion she took on my pain;
 She now has consented to make me her spouse,
 So no longer I labour in vain.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO DESIRED PROPER MATERIALS FOR A
 MONODY.

FLowrets—wreaths—thy banks along—
 Silent eve—th' accusom'd song—
 Silver slipper'd—whilom—lore—
 Druid—Paynim—mountain hoar—
 Dulcet—cremite—what time—
 ("Excuse me—here I want a rhime.")
 Black-brow'd night—Hark! scretch-owls sing!
 Ebon car—and raven wing—
 Charnel houses—lonely dells—
 Glimmering tapers—dismal cells—
 Hallow'd haunts—and horrid pites—
 Roseate hues—and ghastly smiles—
 Solemn fanes—and cypress bowers—
 Thunder-storms—and tumbling towers—
 Let these be well together blended—
 Doddley's your man—the poem's ended.

THE

THE ACCIDENT. A PASTORAL ELEGY.

From rosy fingers Morning shook the dew,
 From Nature's charms the veil of Night she drew;
 Reviving colour glow'd with broken light;
 The varied landscape dawn'd upon the sight;
 The lark's first song melodious floats on air;
 And Damon rises, wak'd by Love and Care,
 Unpens the fold, and o'er the glittering mead,
 With thoughtful steps, conducts his fleecy breed.

Near, in rude majesty, a mountain stood
 Projecting far, and brow'd with pendant wood;
 The foliage, trembling as the breezes blow,
 Inverted, trembled in a brook below.

The mountain echoed every plaintive strain,
 The sighing breeze return'd his sighs again,
 The gliding brook re-murmur'd to his grief,
 As thus from song the shepherd sought relief:

" When late in rural sports I took my share,
 " Blithe as the blitheest in the crouded fair,
 " What tho' from ten, contending in the race,
 " I snatch'd the prize, with yet unrivall'd pace?
 " What tho', in wrestling, arduous to excell,
 " I stood the victor, when each rival fell?
 " What tho', when Colin, oft in combat crown'd,
 " The cudgel seiz'd, and aw'd the circle round,

" I boldly dar'd the champion of the green;
 " And from his head the trickling blood was seen ?
 " What tho', in softer strife, my rural song
 " Won the loud plaudit of the listening throng ?
 " Tho' every prize, by every voice, was mine,
 " And rival hands for me the chaplet twine,
 " On Robin's shoulders thro' the croud convey'd
 " Of maids that blush'd, and shepherds that huzza'd;
 " Vain all my strength, activity and speed,
 " Vain all my skill to tune the vocal reed,
 " No joy the chaplet, or the prize could give,
 " For Phillis frown'd, the nymph for whom I live;
 " Phillis ! whose charms alone my wishes fir'd,
 " Whose charms, ambition not my own inspir'd ;
 " Who made my feet more swift, my arm more strong,
 " My heart more dauntless, and more sweet my song.
 " Love gave me conquest, but denied me bliss,
 " When from her lips she wip'd the ravish'd kifs ;
 " Cruel and coy she blasted all my pride,
 " And 'midst the transports of my friends I sigh'd ;
 " Denied her love, I'm poor with all the rest,
 " Indulg'd with that, of more than all possess'd.
 " What giddy caprice rules a woman's mind,
 " As fate relentless, and as fortune blind !
 " On vanquish'd Colin Phillis shed her smiles,
 " And all his sorrows, and his pain beguiles ;

“ She, from the wound I gave, with lenient care
 “ Wash’d the stiff gore, and clipp’d the clotted hair;
 “ The healing simples with soft touch applied,
 “ Own’d and carefs’d him spite of female pride,
 “ Mourn’d his disgrace, and now from future harms,
 “ Perhaps she hides him in her circling arms.

“ O! had kind heaven to me transferr’d his blow,
 “ O! had I own’d him a superior foe,
 “ Fled from the general hiss, with shame deprest,
 “ To hide my blushes in her downy breast!
 “ To him, with rapture, every prize I’d yield,
 “ And all the tasteless honours of the field,
 “ For each gay trifle with her love o’erpaid,
 “ Blest, tho’ forgotten, in the secret shade!
 “ Vain wish! to Colin is that bliss decreed —
 “ Distracting thoughts distracting thoughts suc-
 “ ceed —

“ May swift destruction seize the hated pair,
 “ Or, worse than swift destruction, my despair!
 “ No — may the fruitless curse leave Phillis free,
 “ But doubled, Colin! be fulfill’d in thee.”

High on the neighbouring mountain’s airy head
 His browsing goats as happy Colin led,
 Pronounc’d with hasty rage, he heard his name,
 And near the brow with still attention came;
 Too near — the treacherous brink gives way, and lo!
 He shrieks, and plunges in the brook below;

The sounding waters, whitening as they rose,
Now with subsiding murmurs round him close.

Damon, alarm'd, his falling rival knew,
And, swift as lightning, to his aid he flew;
Prevailing virtue triumph'd in his breast,
And pity love and enmity suppress;
He saw him gasp emerging from the brook,
And reach'd, with generous haste, his saving crook,
Caught by the drowning wretch with both his hands,
And grateful, trembling, on the bank he stands.
Short recollection serv'd him, thus to show
How much a friend he rose, who fell a foe;
" Born to subdue me, and subdued to save,
" Thine from this moment is the life you gave;
" Here, by the gods who sent thee to my aid,
" I swear no more to see thy favourite maid,
" By partial favour, not by merit mine,
" To thee, more worthy, Phillis I resign;
" Go, and my falsehood to thy mistress plead,
" Go, and may heaven and love thy suit succeed.

Thus soon with ardent looks, with honest pride,
And just disdain, the kindling swain replied:
' What Damon's faithful love essay'd in vain,
' He scorns by Colin's broken vows to gain;
' Be thine the maid, since fate ordains it so,
' And time and absence shall allay my woe;

' Friends, from this hour forever, let us live,
 ' My friendship's pledge, this spotless ewe I give;
 " And I, yon kid than falling snow more white,"
 Glad Colin cried, and mutual faith they plight.
 Thus busied, Phillis, unperceiv'd, drew near,
 Foredoom'd, her love now twice renounc'd, to hear;
 " Take, Damon," thus the blushing maid begins,
 " The hand, the heart, thy generous virtue wins;
 " Not Colin's broken vows, but Damon's truth,
 " Now blends my fate with thine, deserving youth!
 " To try thee, O! forgive if tried too far,
 " Was all I meant, whate'er my actions were."
 Her hand, with sudden rapture, Damon prest,
 The joyful pair consenting Colin blest;
 To Damon's cot they take the flowery way,
 With guiltless mirth to crown the happy day.

SWEET

S W E E T - W I L L I A M ,

OR VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE CHRISTENING
OF MR. WOOD'S SON, WHO WAS NAMED SWEET-
WILLIAM, APRIL XXVII, MDCCLXIII.

W Ith song, sweet babe, we celebrate thy birth,
And hail thee to the chequer'd scenes of earth:
Thy smiles of innocence our hearts endear,
When Spring now fairest paints the purple year;
Promise of future fruit, all nature blooms, [fumes;
Hills, vales, woods, gardens, send forth rich per-
Such beauty in ethereal mildness reigns,
We match our meadows with Idalian plains;
And thee, did not thine eyes our error prove,
Thee we should deem a little smiling Love.
Sweet-William, wellcome to the realms of day!
O, may'st thou bloom the sweetest flower of May!
Thy lovely mother's gentle mind inherit,
Thy father's honest heart, and generous spirit—
Yes, Yes, I see (so strong prophetic power!)
An embryo genius in this rising flower,
A hand that's valiant, and a heart that's true
To serve his neighbours, and his nation too:
Thus in the acorn's little folds we see
An oak imperial in epitome;
By slow degrees the leaves, the boughs expand,
Rise, spread, shade, flourish, and defend the land.

TO THE REV. MR. LAYNG,

OCCASIONED BY HIS SERMON ON MUTUAL BE-
NEVOLENCE, PREACHED AT THE ANNUAL
MEETING OF THE GOVERNORS OF THE NORTH-
AMPTON INFIRMARY.

LET fools religion in opinion place,
And call whim, spleen, and superstition, grace;
Put in mock'd Virtue's legal hand a reed,
And on her throne, vile idol! rear a creed,
While weeping Charity is doom'd to feel
The smarting scourge of unrelenting Zeal;
And fainted Bigotry, with impious pride,
Claims all the sky, and damns the world beside.
O! taught of heaven! be thine the better part,
With sacred love to touch the kindling heart;
Still mild benevolence, like Jesus preach,
And spread the truths he liv'd and died to teach;
Still build salvation on the Saviour's plan,
And God's own glory on good-will to man;
So shall good-nature at thy voice refine,
And what was moral shall be more—divine!
Self-love shall learn to taste of social joy,
And public works the miser's hands employ;
Folly inform'd, converted Vice shall own,
That wisdom, pleasure Virtue gives alone;
Deists shall scorn the Christian name no more,
And atheists God, as love immense, adore.

L O V E E L E G Y.

WRITTEN AT ——— COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE solemn hand of sable suited night
 Enwraps the silent earth with mantle drear,
 Thick murky clouds obscure Diana's light,
 Nor shines one star the dusky scene to cheer.

O'er the sad mansion, hid in awful gloom,
 The Æthiop darkness spreads her ebon sway,
 Save that alone, from yonder studious room,
 The wasting taper sheds a feeble ray.

Now while the tenants of this sacred dome
 Turn the grave page, or sink to soft repose,
 Along the Gothic cloisters let me roam,
 And, deep in thought, the lazy moments lose.

Now breathes the whistling storm a mournful song,
 And pattering drops the drizzly tempest tell,
 Whilst Echo roves the lonely vaults among,
 Sadly-responsive to the midnight bell.

And hark ! the pensive owl, with boding strain,
 Shrieks notes of terror from the learned grove ;
 Ah ! horrid sounds ! full well ye sooth my pain,
 Full well your music greets despairing love.

No longer now around the social bowl
 I join the jocund laugh, or cheerful lay,
 But pour in ceaseless groans my love-sick soul,
 'Till fades the lamp at bright Aurora's ray.

How, at the fragrant hour of rising morn,
 Would throbbing transport rush thro' every vein
 To hear the swelling shout, and echoing horn,
 Call the gay hunter to the sportive plain !

But, ah ! the sprightly joys of youth are fled !
 In sighs and tears my waning life I wear ;
 So the pale lilly hangs its drooping head,
 When chilling hoar-frosts blast the vernal year.

Philosophy ! thou guardian of the heart,
 Oh, come ! in all thy rigid virtue drest,
 With manly precepts ease the killing smart,
 And drive this tyrant from my wounded breast.

Oft would my eye, disdainful balmy sleep,
 Thy form divine thro' every path explore,
 Fathom with restless toil each maxim deep,
 And hang incessant o'er thy awful lore.

Alas ! oppos'd to Love, how weak ! how frail !
 Are all the reasons of th' unfeeling sage !
 No dull advice can o'er his power prevail,
 Or the keen pangs his dart inflicts assuage.

Yes tyrant, yes, thou must retain thy power,
 'Till my torn bosom yields to stronger death,
 Still must I love, even in that fatal hour,
 And call on Delia with my latest breath.

And when all pale my lifeless limbs extend,
 And Fate has seal'd th' irrevocable doom,
 May then my memory find a faithful friend,
 To write these numbers on my peaceful tomb.

" Here rests a youth, who love, and sorrow's slave,
 " Gave up his early life to pining care,
 " 'Till worn with woe, he sought in this calm grave
 " A safe retreat from anguish and despair."

So when the stone lies o'er my clay-cold head,
 If chance fair Delia to the place drew near,
 With one sad sigh she may lament me dead,
 And bathe the senseless marble with a tear.

ON THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

HOW weak the Atheist's argument, how odd?
 Who, to be happy, first denies a God;
 Then, with too little faith truth to believe,
 Can show too much, an error to conceive;
 So inconsistent, and his folly such,
 He trusts too little, while he trusts too much.
 A foe profess'd to God Almighty's laws,
 Yet a blind bigot in the Devil's cause;
 He from free-thinking hopes to gain some light;
 Thinks free on every subject, but the right;
 A hint there is a God raises a doubt,
 And Prejudice puts weaker Reason out:
 Of Reason proud, by Passion rul'd alone,
 Because he'd have no God, concludes there's none;
 Thinks chance with blind effect nice order brings,
 And harmony from wild confusion springs,
 Springs of itself — for all spontaneous grow,
 And the created are creators too:
 Then immortality he'll disbelieve,
 Yet starts to think he cannot always live;
 Dreading it true, a future state denies,
 And while he laughs at death, with fear he dies;
 Despairing launches to some future state,
 Repents his folly — but repents too late.

ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR.

THOU! who art thirsty for a poet's name,
 Panting for perpetuity of fame;
 O! tremble to increase the Muses tribe,
 'Till Mother Griffiths has receiv'd a bribe:
 If praise, like hers, can make thy piece go down,
 Th' insurance premium is but half a crown;
 And who can blame her? for the bawd must pay
 In ready cash the hirelings of a day:
 Else would the movement of the press stand still,
 And low-bred Scandal drop her venal quill.
 Yet sure one bard 'tis better to pursue
 Thro' the black numbers of a dull Review,
 And maim a work without the skill to carve,
 Than that a whole Society should starve.

GEMINI.

* * The Monthly Reviewers having taken upon them to assert, that we plundered the poem called the Kite, from the Gent. Mag. This is to assure the Public, that assertion is false and malicious. The Editors of the Poetical Calendar are possessed of three early editions of that poem; the first is printed in the year 1719. the second at Oxford in 1722. and the third is in a collection of poems called the Flower-piece, printed in 1731. from which we copied it. What fine criticisms may the world expect from such ignorant and malevolent writers!

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E N D O F V O L. V.

